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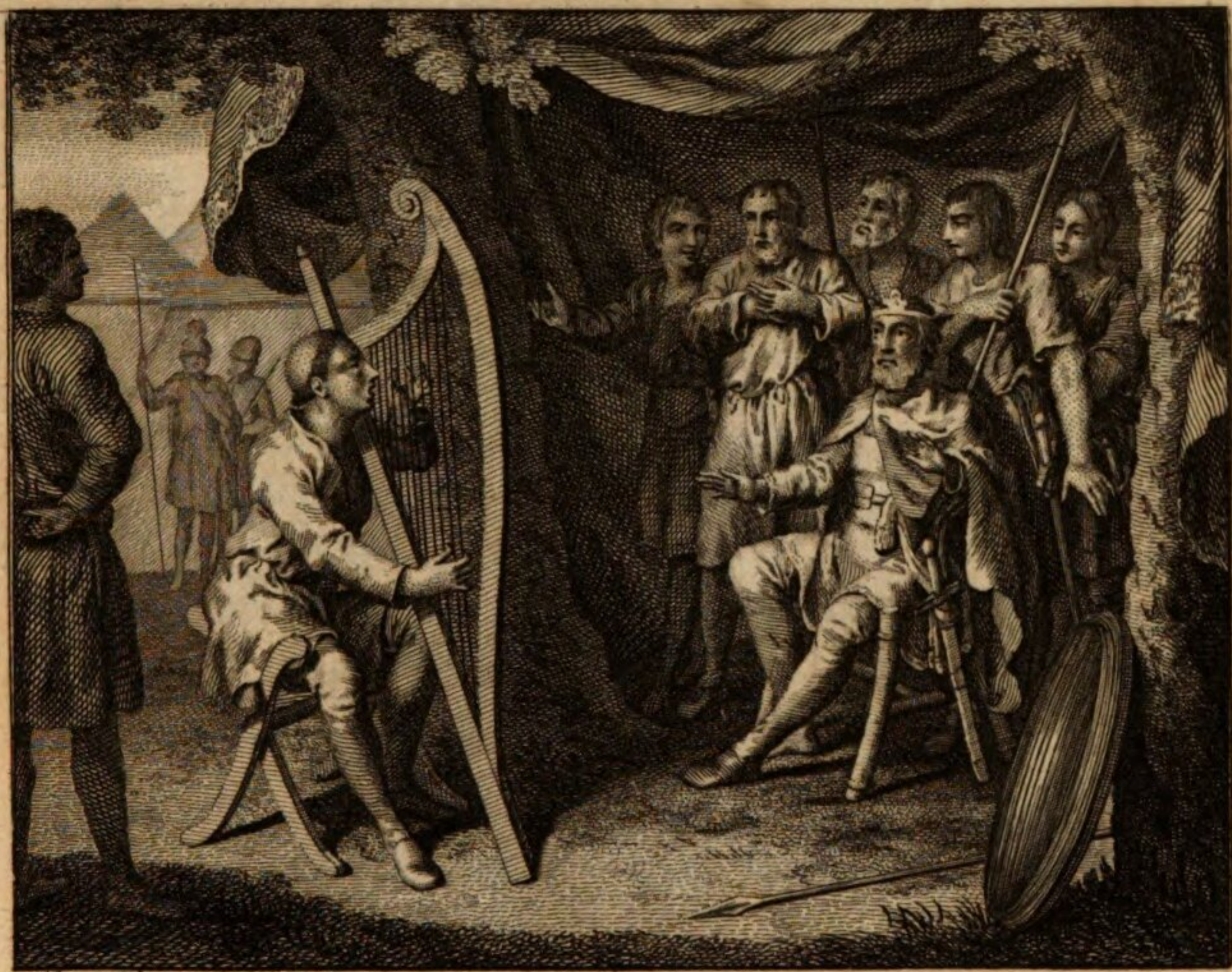
P. O. Angl.

Ballads

X

EVANS'S EDITION,

OLD BALLADS,
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,
WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;
Now first collected, and reprinted from rare Copies.
WITH NOTES.
VOLUME THE SECOND.



Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

*With rough Majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength & Nature made Amends for Art.*

Rowe.

Printed for T. EVANS, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXVII.

SECOND EDITION
REVISED EDITION

OLD BALLADS
OLD BALLADS
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE

WITH SOME OF THE MOST
WITH SOME OF THE MOST

Now in English and
Now in English and

VOLUME THE SECOND

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

1	<i>THE execution of sir Charles Bawdin</i>	pag. 1.
2	<i>The cruel murther of Edward V. and his brother</i>	18
3	<i>The life and death of the duke of Buckingham</i>	22
4	<i>The life and death of king Richard III.</i>	27
5	<i>The union of the red and white rose</i>	32
6	<i>The story of Ill May-day</i>	41
7	<i>A song of an English knight, that married lady Mary, sister to Henry VIII.</i>	48
8	<i>The doleful death of queen Jane</i>	54
9	<i>A princely song of the queens that were married to Henry VIII.</i>	58
10	<i>Johnny Armstrong's last good night</i>	64
*10	<i>Sir John Armstrong and sir Michael Mus- grave's contest</i>	70
11	<i>A lamentable ditty on the death of lord Dudley and lady Jane Grey</i>	77
12	<i>The princess Elizabeth</i>	81
13	<i>Lamentable complaint of queen Mary, for the unkind departure of king Philip</i>	83
14	<i>The battle of Corichie</i>	88
15	<i>The dutchess of Suffolk's calamity</i>	92
16	<i>Queen Elizabeth's behaviour at Tilbury</i>	99
17	<i>Life and death of Thomas Stukeley</i>	103
VOL. II.		18 Queen

THE CONTENTS.

18	<i>Queen Elizabeth's champion, or the earl of Essex's victory over the emperor</i>	—	110
19	<i>The beheading of Robert Devereux, earl of Essex</i>	—	114
20	<i>Lamentable ballad on the earl of Essex's death</i>		123
21	<i>Life and death of queen Elizabeth</i>	—	127
22	<i>The honour of a London 'prentice</i>	—	134
23	<i>The true lovers knot unty'd</i>	—	141
24	<i>A servant's sorrow for the death of queen Anne, consort of James I.</i>	—	146
25	<i>An excellent song of the successors of Edward IV.</i>		151
26	<i>The sea-fight off Cape la Hogue, in 1692</i>		158
27	<i>Admiral Vernon's answer to Hosier's Ghost</i>	—	160
28	<i>British triumphs</i>	—	162
29	<i>The complaint and lamentation of mistress Ar- den of Feversham</i>	—	165
30	<i>Lord Wigmore and the fair maid of Dunsmore</i>		174
31	<i>Hengist and Mey</i>	—	180
32	<i>Sir James the Rofs</i>	—	188
33	<i>The song of Colma</i>	—	197
34	<i>Nathos and DARTHULA</i>	—	202
35	<i>Childe Waters</i>	—	208
36	<i>Earl Walter</i>	—	216
37	<i>Edwin and Ethelinde</i>	—	222
38	<i>Damon and Chloe</i>	—	226
39	<i>Lord George and lady Dorothy</i>	—	230
40	<i>Edwin and Emma</i>	—	237
41	<i>The Hermit</i>	—	243
42	<i>Matilda</i>	—	250
			43 <i>Alisia</i>

CONTENTS.

43	<i>Alisia</i>	—	—	—	—	253
44	<i>Allen and Ella</i>	—	—	—	—	257
45	<i>Colin and Nancy</i>	—	—	—	—	262
46	<i>William and Fanny</i>	—	—	—	—	265
47	<i>Amintor and Anna</i>	—	—	—	—	271
48	<i>Damon and Sylvia</i>	—	—	—	—	277
49	<i>The Maid of Aghavore</i>	—	—	—	—	279
50	<i>The Dirge of Offa</i>	—	—	—	—	284
51	<i>Kind Advice</i>	—	—	—	—	287
52	<i>The Drinking Match at Eden-hall</i>	—	—	—	—	291
53	<i>The Dorwey Den</i>	—	—	—	—	296
54	<i>Duncan</i>	—	—	—	—	299
55	<i>The Fair Penitent</i>	—	—	—	—	305

A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
O L D B A L L A D S.

I.

The Execution of Sir CHARLES BAWDIN.

The following piece is the production of Thomas Rowlie, a priest in the 15th century; and is supposed to have been written some time after the event which is the subject of it, and which happened in Bristol, in the year 1461, when Edward IV, and the duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.) were in that city.

TH E featherde songsterre Chaunticleer
Hanne wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villagers
The commynge of the morne :

Kynge Edward sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And hearde the ravenn's crokyng throte
Proclayme the fatedd daie.

VOL. II.

B

Thou'rt

Thou'rt ryghte, quod hee, for, bye the Godde,
That fytted entron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie shalle furelie die.

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
Goe tell the traytor, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortalle state.

Syrr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to fyrr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne he came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode fyrr Charles's lyfe.

O goode fyrr Charles! sayd Canterlone,
Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.
Speek boldlie, manne, sayd brave fyrr Charles,
Whatte says thie traytor kynge?

I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye,
Hee hath uponne hys honorr sayde,
Thatt thou shalt furelie die.

Wee all must die, quod brave fyrr Charles;
Of thatte I'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
Thanke Jesu I'm prepar'd:

Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I'de soonerr die to-daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Tho' I should lyve for aie.

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynnere readyness
Forre goode fyrr Charles's fate.

Thenne maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
I'm comme, quod hee, unto your grace
To move your clemencye.

Thenne quod the kynge, Youre tale speeke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whateverr youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende.

Mye noble leige! alle mye request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Whoe, tho' mayhap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoughte ytte styll was ryghte:

Hee has a spouse and childrenne twaine,
 Alle rewyn'd are forr aie;
 Yff that you are resolv'd to lett
 Charles Bawdin die to-daie.

Speek nott of such a traytorr vile,
 The kynge ynne furie sayde;
 Before the evening starre shalle sheene,
 Bawdin shalle loose hys hedde:

Justice does loudlie for hymm calle,
 And hee shalle have hys meede:
 Speeke, maisterr Canynge! whatte thyngge else
 Att present doe you neede?

Mye nobile leige! goode Canynge sayde,
 Leave justice to our Godde,
 And laye the yronne rule asyde;
 Bee thyne the olyve rodde.

Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,
 The best were fynners grete;
 Chrif's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
 Ynne alle this mortalle state.

Lette Mercie rule thyne ynnfante reigne,
 'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
 From race to race thye familie
 Alle sov'reigns shalle endure:

Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
 Beginne thye ynnfante reigne,
 Thye crowne uponne thye childrennes brows
 Wylle neverr long remayne.

Canynge, awaie ! thys traytorr vile
 Has scorn'd my powerr and mee ;
 Howe canst thou thenne forr such a manne
 Intreate my clemencye ?

Mye nobile leige ! the trulie brave
 Wylle val'rous actions prize,
 Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
 Altho' ynne enemies.

Canynge, awaie ! by Godde ynne heav'nne,
 Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
 I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
 Whilft thys fyrr Charles dothe lyve !

Bye Marie, and alle seinctes ynne heav'nne,
 Thys funne shalle bee hys laste !
 Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
 And from the presence paste,

Wythe herte brymm fulle of gnawynge grief,
 Hee to fyrr Charles dydd goe,
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
 And teares beganne to flowe.

Wee all must die, quod brave fyrr Charles ;
Whatte boottes ytte howe or whenne ;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all we mortalle menne.

Saye whye, mye friend, thie honest soul
Runns overr att thyne eye ;
Is ytte forr mye most welcomme doome
That thou dost child-lyke crye ?

Quod godlie Canynge, I doe weepe,
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
And leave thye helpless sonnes behynde ;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.

Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
Fromme godlie fountains sprynge ;
Dethe I despise, and alle the powerr
Of Edward, traytorr kynge.

Whenne thro' the tyrant's welcomme means,
I shalle resigne mye lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

Before I sawe the lyghtsome funne,
Thys was appointed mee ;
Shalle mortal manne repyne and grudge
Whatte Godde ordaynes to bee ?

Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,
 Whenne thoufands dy'd arounde;
 Whenne smokynge freemes of crymfon bloode
 Imbrew'd the fatten'dde grounde:

Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
 Thatt cutte the airie waie,
 Myghte nott fynde paffage toe mye herte,
 And close myne eyes for aie?

And fhalle I nowe, forr feare of dethe,
 Looke wanne and bee difmayde?
 Ne! fromme my herte flie childifh feere,
 Bee alle the manne display'd.

Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
 And guarde thee and thye fonne,
 Yff 'tis hys wylle; and yff 'tis nott,
 Whye thenne hys wylle bee donne.

Mye honeft friende, mye faulte has beene
 To ferve Godde and mye prynce;
 And thatt I no tyme. ferverr a mm,
 Mye dethe wylle soon convynce.

Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
 Of parents of grete note;
 My fader dydd a nobile armes
 Emblazenn onne his cote:

I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe ;
Where wee forr everr blest shalle bee,
Fromme oute the reech of woe :

Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wythe pitie to unite ;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromme the ryghte :

Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme mye doore ;

And none canne saye, butt alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept ;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
Yff I defyl'd herr bedde ?
I have a kynge, and none canne laie
Blacke treasonn onne mye hedde.

Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromme fleshe I did refrayne ;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne ?

Ne !

Ne ! hapless Henrie ! I rejoyce,
 I shalle ne see thye dethe ;
 Moste willynglie in thye just cause
 Doe I resign mye brethe.

Oh, fickle people ! rewyn'd londe !
 Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe ;
 Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
 Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
 And godlie Henrie's reigne,
 Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 For those of bloude and peyne ?

Whatte tho' I onne a fledde bee drawne,
 And mangledd bye a hynde,
 I doe defye the traytorr's pow'rre,
 Hee canne ne hurte mye mynde ;

Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 Mye lymbes shalle rotte ynne ayre,
 And ne ryche monument of brasse
 Charles Bawdin's name shalle bear ;

Yett ynne the holie booke above,
 Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
 There wythe the farvants of the Lorde
 Mye name shalle lyve for aie.

Thenne welcomme dethe ! forr lyfe eterne
 I leave thys mortalle lyfe :
 Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that 's deare,
 Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe !

Nowe dethe as wellcomme to mee comes,
 As e'er the monthe of Maie ;
 Norr wou'de I evenn wyshe to lyve,
 Wythe mye dere wyfe to staie.

Quod Canynge, 'Tys a goodlie thyng
 To bee prepar'd to die ;
 And fromme this place of care and peyne
 To Godde ynne Heav'ne to flie.

And nowe the belle beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to founde ;
 Syrr Charles hee herde the horses feete
 A prauncyng onne the grounde ;

And just before the officers,
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne,

Sweet Florence ! nowe I praie forbere,
 Ynne quiet lett mee die ;
 Praie Godde, thatt ev'rye chrystianne soule
 Maye looke onne dethe as I.

Sweet

Sweet Florence! whye these brinie teares?
Theye washe mye soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe forr lyfe,
Wythe thee sweete dame, to staie,

'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the land of blyffe;
Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
Receive thys holie kyffe.

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne herr saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kynge!
Mye herte ys welle nigh broke:

Ah, sweete fyrr Charles! whye wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shalle ende mye lyfe.

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge fyrr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd saie:

I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe:
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hymm love.

Teache

Teache themm to runne the nobile race
 Thatt I theyre faderr runne :
 Florence ! dydd dethe thee take—Adieu !
 Yee officerrs, leade onne.

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tressles teer ;
 Oh ! staie, mye husbande ! lorde ! and lyfe !
 Syrr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loud,
 Shee fallenn onne the floore ;
 Syrr Charles exertedd alle hys myghte,
 And march'de fromme oute the doore.

Uponne a sledde hee mountedd thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete ;
 Lookes that enshone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hymm went the counccille menne,
 Ynne scarlert robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyng ynne the funne,
 Muche glorious to beholde ;

The fre'rs of Seincte Augustyne next
 Appearedd to the fyghte,
 Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyghte :

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunte;
 Behynde theyre backes fix mynſtrelles came,
 Whoe tun'd the ſtrunge bataunte;

Thenne five-and-twentye archerrs came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 Fromm reſcue of kynge Henrie's friends
 Syrr Charles forr to defend,

Bolde as a lyon came Syrr Charles,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde fledde,
 Bye two black ſtedes ynne trappyuges white,
 Wythe plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hymm, five-and-twenty moe
 Of archerrs ſtronge and ſtoute,
 Wythe bendedd bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marchedd ynne goodlie route:

Seinſte James's freers marchedd next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunte;
 Behynde theyre backes fix mynſtrelles came,
 Whoe tun'd the ſtrunge bataunte:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of ſcarlett deckt;
 And theyre attendyng menne echone,
 Like Eaſterne princes trickt:

And

Ad afterr themm a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As he did passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syrr Charles dydd turn and faie,
O thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mye soule clean thys daie!

Att the greate mynsterr windowe satte
The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcomme fate.

Soone as the fledde drew nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edward hee myghte heare,
The brave Syrr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

Thou seeest mee, Edward! traytorr vyle!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd disloyalle manne!
I'mm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

Bys foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoyntedd mee to dye,
Bye powerr not thye owne.

Thou

Thou thynkest I shalle dye to-daie;
 I have beene dede 'tyll now,
 And soone shalle lyve to weare forr aie
 A crowne uponne mye browe :

Whylst thou, perhaps, forr somme few yeares,
 Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
 To lett themm knowe howe wyde the rule
 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :

Thye pow'rr unjust, thou traytorr slave !
 Shalle falle onne thye owne hedde—
 Fromm out the hearyng of the kynge
 Departedd thenne the fledde.

Kynge Edward's foule rush'dd to hys face,
 Hee turn'dd hys hedde awaie,
 And to hys broherr Gloucester
 Hee thus dydd speeke and faie :

To hymm that foe-much-dreadedd dethe
 Ne ghastlie feares canne brynge !
 Beholde the manne ! hee spoke the truthe,
 Hee's greaterr thanne a kynge !

Soe lett hymm die ! duke Richard sayde ;
 And maye echone oure foes
 Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
 And feede the caryonn crows.

And nowe the horsen gentlie drew
Syrr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle ;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs,
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And to the people hee dydd saie,
Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyallye mye kynge,
Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

As longe as Edward rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;
Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee flayne,
And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adverfitye ;
Lyke mee untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye.

Thenn hee, wythe preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'rr to Godde dydd make,
Beseechyng hymm unto himselfe
Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne

Thenne kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde,
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares enow to washe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each manne's eyne:

The bloudie axe hys bodye fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-Hylle,
One onne the mynsterr-towerr,
And one fromme off the castle-gate
The crowenn dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosperr longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wythe Bawdin's foule,
Ynne Heav'nne Godde's mercie synge!

II.

The most cruel murder of Edward V, and his
brother the duke of York, in the Tower, by their
uncle the duke of Gloucester.

WHEN God had ta'en away true wisdom's king,
Edward the IVth, whose fame shall always ring ;
Which reigned had full two and twenty years,
And ruled well amongst his noble peers.

When as he dy'd, two sons he left behind,
The prince of Wales, and duke of York most kind :
The prince the eldest, but eleven years old ;
The duke more young, as chronicles have told.

The dead king's brother, duke of Gloucester,
Was chosen for the prince his protector ;
Who straitway plotted how to get the crown,
And pull his brother Edward's children down.

Edward the fifth the prince was call'd by name,
Who by succession did that title gain :
A prudent prince, whose wisdom did excel,
Which made his uncle's heart with hatred swell.

Then did the duke use all the means he might,
By damn'd devices for to work their spite;
At length the devil put it in his head,
How all his plots should be accomplished.

With sugar'd words, which had a poison'd sting,
He did entice the duke and the young king,
For safety's sake to lodge them in the Tower;
A strong defence, and London's chiefest flower.

With fair-spoke speeches and bewitching charms,
He told them 'twould secure them from all harms:
Thus by fair words, yet cruel treachery,
He won their hearts within the Tower to lie.

Great entertainment he these princes gave,
And caus'd the Tower to be furnish'd brave;
With sumptuous cheer he feasted them that day:
Thus subtle wolves with harmless lambs do play.

With musick sweet he fill'd their princely ears,
And to their face a smiling count'nance bears;
But his foul heart with mischief was possess'd,
And treach'rous thoughts were always in his breast.

When as bright Phœbus had possess'd the west,
And that the time was come for all to rest;
The duke of Glo'ster the two princes led
Into a sumptuous chamber to their bed.

When these fweet children thus were laid in bed,
And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said;
Sweet flumb'ring sleep then closing up their eyes,
Each folded in the other's arms there lies.

The bloody uncle of these children sweet,
Unto a knight to break his mind thought meet;
One Sir James Tyrrill, which did think it best,
For to agree unto his vile request.

Sir James, he said, my resolution 's this,
And for to do the same you must not miss:
This night see that the king be murdered,
With the young duke, as they do lie in bed:

So when these branches I have hewed down,
There is none left to keep me from the crown:
My brother, duke of Clarence, he was found
I' th' Tower, within a butt of Malmsey drown'd:

It was my plot that he should drowned be,
'Cause none should claim the crown but only me:
And when these children thou hast murdered,
I'll wear that diadem upon my head.

And know, thou Tyrrill, when that I am king,
I'll raise thy state, and honours to thee bring,
Then be resolv'd, and be not thou afraid.
My lord, I'll do it, bloody Tyrrill said.

He got two villains for to act this part,
Disguised murtherers, each a hell-bred heart;
The one Miles Forest, which their keeper was,
The other John Dighton, master of his horse.

At midnight then, when all things they were hush'd
These bloody slaves into the chamber rush'd;
And to the bed full softly they did creep,
Where these sweet princes lay full fast asleep:

Who presently did wrap them in the cloaths,
And stopp'd their harmless breath with the pillows;
Yet did they strive and struggle what they might,
Until the slaves had stifled both them quite.

When as the murth'ers saw that they were dead,
They took their bodies forth the fatal bed;
And then they bury'd these same little ones,
At the stair-feet, under a heap of stones.

But mark how God did scourge them for this deed,
As in the chronicles you there may read
Blood deserves blood, for so the Lord hath said;
And at the length their blood was truly paid.

For when their uncle he had reign'd two years,
He fell at variance then amongst his peers;
In Lei'stershire, at Bosworth he was slain,
By Richmond's earl, as he did rightly gain.

In pieces he was hewed by his foes ;
 Thus Richard crook-back ended life with woes ;
 They stripp'd him then, and dragg'd him up and down,
 And on stout Richmond's head they put the crown.

'The bloody murtherer, Sir James Tyrrell,
 For treason lost his head on Tower-Hill ;
 And to Miles Forest fell no worse a lot ;
 Alive in pieces he away did rot.

And John Dighton, the other bloody fiend,
 No man could tell how he came to his end.
 Thus God did pay these murth'ers for their hire ;
 And hell-bred Pluto plagues them now with fire.

III.

The life and death of the great Duke of Buckingham,
 who came to an untimely end, for consenting to the
 deposing of the two gallant young princes, king Ed-
 ward the fourth's children.

A Tale of grief I must unfold,
 A tale that never yet was told,
 A tale that might to pity move,
 The spirits below, the fairs above,

When

When wars did plague this maiden land,
Great Buckingham in grace did stand;
With kings and queens he ruled so,
When he said Ay, none durst say No.

Great Gloucester's duke that wash'd the throne
With blood of kings to make 't his own,
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
What reason will'd to be refrain'd.

If any noble of this land,
Against great Gloucester's aim did stand,
Old Buckingham with might and power,
In grievous woes did him devour.

He hop'd when Richard was made king,
He would much greater honours bring
To Buckingham and to his name,
And well reward him for the same.

In Clarence death he had a hand,
And 'gainst king Edward's queen did stand,
And to her sons bore little love,
When he as bastards would them prove.

King Edward swore him by his oath,
In true allegiance to them both,
Which if I fail, I wish, quoth he,
All christians curse may light on me.

It so fell out on All Souls day,
By law his life was ta'en away :
He had his wish, tho' not his will,
For treason's end is always ill.

In London having pleaded claim,
And Richard thereby won the game,
He challeng'd honour for his gain,
But was rewarded with disdain.

On which disgrace within few hours,
Great Buckingham had rais'd his powers :
But all in vain, the king was strong,
And Stafford needs must suffer wrong.

His army fail'd, and durst not stand,
Upon a traytor's false command.
Being thus deceiv'd, old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The king with speed to have him found,
Did offer full ten thousand pound :
Thus Richard fought to cast him down,
Whose wit did win him England's crown.

The plain old duke his life to save,
Of his own man did succour crave ;
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much land to him did give.

Base

Base Banister this man was nam'd,
By this vile deed for ever sham'd :
It is, quoth he, a common thing,
To injure him who wrong'd his king.

King Edward's children he betray'd,
The like 'gainst him I well have plaid :
Being true, my heart him greatly grac'd,
But proving false that love is past.

Thus Banister his master sold
Unto his foe for hire of gold ;
But mark his end, and rightly see,
The just reward of treachery.

The duke by law did lose his head,
For him he fought to do most good ;
The man that wrought his master's woe,
By lingring grief was brought full low.

For when the king did hear him speak,
How basely he the duke did take,
Instead of gold gave him disgrace,
With banishment from town to place.

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg,
And crave for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would bread bestow,
That to his master prov'd a foe.

Thus

Thus wandring in this poor estate,
Repenting his misdeeds too late,
Till starved he gave up his breath,
By no man pitied at his death.

To woful end his children came,
Sore punish'd for their father's shame:
Within a channel one was drown'd,
Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another by the powers divine,
Was strangely eaten up of swine:
The last a woful ending makes,
By strangling in an empty jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and see,
And such as false to masters be;
Let disobedient sons draw near,
The judgments well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,
Look to be plagu'd from heaven or hell;
So have you heard the story then
Of this great duke of Buckingham.

IV.

A song of the life and death of king Richard III, who, after many murthers by him committed upon the princes and nobles of this land, was slain at the battle of Bosworth, in Leicestershire, by Henry VII. king of England.

IN England once there reign'd a king,
A tyrant fierce and fell,
Who for to gain himself a crown,
Gave sure his soul to hell :
Third Richard was this tyrant's name,
The worst of all the three ;
That wrought such deeds of deadly dole,
That worser could not be.

For his desires were still (by blood)
To be made England's king,
Which he to gain that golden prize,
Did many a wondrous thing :
He slaughter'd up our noble peers,
And chieftest in this land,
With every one that likely was
His title to withstand,

Four bloody fields the tyrant fought,

E're he could bring to pass

What he made lawless claim unto,

As his best liking was :

Sixth Henry's princely son he slew,

Before his father's face,

And weeded from our English throne,

All his renowned race.

This king likewise in London tower,

He murdering made away :

His brother duke of Clarence life,

He also did betray,

With those right noble princes twain,

King Edward's Children dear,

Because to England's royal crown

He thought them both too near.

His own dear wife also he slew,

Incestuously to wed

His own dear daughter, which for fear

Away from him was fled :

And made such havock in this land,

Of all the royal blood,

That only one was left unslain,

To have his claims withstood.

Earl

Earl Richmond he by heaven preserv'd.
To right his country's wrong,
From France prepar'd full well to fight,
Brought o'er an army strong :
To whom lord Stanley nobly came,
With many an English peer,
And join'd their forces all in one,
Earl Richmond's heart to chear.

Which news when as the tyrant heard,
How they were come on shore,
And how his forces day by day,
Increased more and more :
He frets, he fumes, and ragingly
A madding fury shows,
And thought it but in vain to stay,
And so to battel goes.

Earl Richmond he in order brave,
His fearless army led,
In midst of whom these noble words,
Their valiant leader said,
Now is the time and place, sweet friends,
And we the soldiers be,
That must bring England's peace again,
Or lose our lives must we.

Be valiant then, we fight for fame,
And for our country's good,
Against a tyrant mark'd with shame,
For shedding English blood :
I am right heir of Lancaster,
Entitl'd to the crown,
Against this bloody * boar of York,
Then let us win renown.

Mean while had furious Richard set
His army in array,
And with a ghastly look of fear,
Desparingly did say,
Shall Henry Richmond with his troops
O'er-match us thus by might,
That comes with fearful cowardice,
With us this day to fight ?

Shall Tudor from Plantagenet
Win thus the crown away ?
No, Richard's noble mind foretels,
That ours will be the day :
For golden crowns we bravely fight,
And gold shall be their gain,
In great abundance giv'n to them,
That live this day unflain.

* Richard was usually called the Boar of York, by reason of the boar he had in his coat of arms.

These

These words being spoke, the battels join'd,
Where blows they bravely change,
And Richmond, like a lion bold,
Performed wonders strange;
And made such slaughter through the camp,
Till he king Richard 'spies,
Who fighting long together there,
At last the tyrant dies.

Thus ended England's woful war,
Usurping Richard dead,
King Henry fair Elizabeth
In princely fort did wed:
For he was then made England's king,
And she his crowned queen:
So 'twixt these houses long at strife,
A unity was seen.

V.

The Union of the Red Rose and the White, by a marriage between king Henry VII. and a daughter of Edward IV.

WHEN York and Lancaster made war
 Within this famous land,
 The lives of England's noble peers
 Did much in danger stand.
 Seven English kings in bloody fields,
 For England's crown did fight ;
 Of which their heirs were, all but twain,
 Of life bereaved quite.

Then thirty thousand Englishmen
 Were in one battel slain ;
 Yet could not all this English blood
 A settled peace obtain.
 Fathers unkind their children kill'd,
 And sons their fathers slew ;
 Yea, kindred fought against their kind,
 And not each other knew.

At

At last, by Henry's lawful claim,
The waisting wars had end :
For England's peace he soon restor'd,
And did the same defend.
For tyrant Richard, nam'd the third,
The breeder of this woe,
By him was slain near Leicester town,
As chronicles do show.

All feats of war he thus exil'd,
Which joy'd each Englishman ;
And days of long-desired peace
Within the land began.
He rul'd this kingdom by true love,
To chear his subjects lives :
For every one had daily joy
And comfort of their wives.

King Henry had such princely care
Our further peace to frame,
Took fair Elizabeth to wife,
That gallant Yorkish dame :
Fourth Edward's daughter, bless'd of God
To 'scape king Richard's spite,
Was thus made England's peerless queen,
And Henry's heart's delight.

Thus Henry first of Tudor's name,
 And Lancaster the first,
 With York's right heir a true love's knot
 Did link and tye full fast.
 Renowned York the white rose gave,
 Brave Lancaster the red :
 By wedlock now conjoin'd to grow
 Both in one princely bed.

These roses sprang and budded fair,
 And carry'd such a grace,
 That kings of England in their arms
 Afford them worthy place.
 And flourish may those roses long,
 That all the world may tell,
 How owners of these princely flow'rs
 In virtues did excel.

To glorify these roses more,
 King Henry and his queen
 First plac'd their pictures in wrought gold,
 Most gorgeous to be seen.
 The king's own guard now wear the same
 Upon their back and breast ;
 Where love and loyalty remain,
 And evermore shall rest.

The red rose on the back is plac'd,
 Thereon a crown of gold :
 The white rose on the breast is brave,
 And costly to behold.
 Bedeck'd most rich with silver studs,
 On coat of scarlet red ;
 A blushing hue, which England's fame
 Now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet
 These honours first devis'd,
 To welcome long-desired peace,
 With us so highly priz'd.
 A peace that now maintained is,
 By James our royal king :
 For peace brings plenty to the land,
 With ev'ry blessed thing.

To speak again of Henry's praise,
 His princely lib'ral hand
 Gave gifts and graces many ways
 Unto this famous land :
 For which the lord him blessings sent,
 And multiply'd his store ;
 In that he left more wealth to us
 Than any king before.

For first his sweet and lovely queen,
A joy above the rest,
Brought him both sons and daughters fair,
To make his kingdom blest'd.
The royal blood that was at ebb,
So increas'd by his queen,
That England's heirs unto this day
Do flourish fair and green.

The first fair blessing of his seed
Was Arthur prince of Wales,
Whose virtue to the Spanish court
Quite o're the ocean fails.
There Ferdinand, the king of Spain,
His daughter Katherine gave
For wife unto the English prince ;
A thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty youth,
And blooming time of age,
Submitted meekly his sweet life
To death's impartial rage ;
Who dying so, no issue left,
The sweet of nature's joy,
Which compass'd England round with grief,
And Spain with sad annoy.

King

King Henry's second comfort prov'd
A Henry of his name ;
In following times eighth Henry call'd,
A king of noble fame.
He conquer'd Bulloign with his sword,
With many towns in France :
With manly mind, and fortitude,
Did England's fame advance.

He popish abbeys first suppress'd,
And papistry pull'd down ;
And bound their lands by parliament
Unto his royal crown.
He had three children by three wives,
And princes reigning here ;
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth
A queen belov'd most dear.

These three sweet branches bear no fruit,
God no such joy did send ;
Thro' which the kingly Tudor's name
In England here had end.
The last Plantagenet that liv'd
Was nam'd Elizabeth :
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
The greatest queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
Whose grace gave free consent
To have his daughters marry'd both
To kings of high descent :
Marg'ret, the eldest of the twain,
Was made great Scotland's queen ;
As wise, as fair, as virtuous
As e're was lady seen.

From which fair queen, our royal king
Does lineally descend ;
And rightfully enjoys that crown,
Which God does still befriend.
For Tudor and Plantagenet,
By yielding unto death,
Have made renowned Stuart's name
The greatest upon earth.

His youngest daughter, Mary call'd,
As princely in degree,
Was by her father worthy thought
The queen of France to be :
And after to the Suffolk duke
Was made a noble wife,
When in the famous English court
She led a virtuous life.

King Henry and his loving queen
 Rejoic'd to see the day,
 To have their children thus advanc'd
 With honours every way.
 Which purchas'd pleasure and content,
 With many years delight;
 Till sad mischance, by cruel death,
 Procur'd them both a spite.

The queen, that fair and princely dame,
 That mother meek and mild,
 To add more number to her joy,
 Again grew big with child:
 All which brought comfort to her king,
 Against which careful hour,
 He lodg'd his dear kind-hearted queen
 In London's stately tower.

That tow'r that was so fatal once
 To princes of degree,
 Prov'd fatal to this noble queen,
 For therein died she.
 In childbed lost she her sweet life,
 Her life esteem'd so dear;
 Which had been England's loving queen
 Full many a happy year.

The king herewith possess'd with grief,
Spent many months in moan;
And daily sigh'd and said, that he,
Like her, could find out none;
Nor none could he in fancy chuse
To make his wedded wife;
Wherefore a widow'r would remain
The remnant of his life.

His after-days he spent in peace
And quietness of mind:
Like king and queen, as these two were,
The world can hardly find.
Our king and queen, yet like to them
In virtue and true love,
Have heav'nly blessings in like sort,
From heav'nly pow'rs above.

VI.

The story of Ill May-day, in the time of king Henry VIII. and why it was so called; and how queen Catherine begged the lives of two thousand London apprentices,

The following song is founded upon a fact; nor has the writer taken many liberties in altering it, having only magnified and illustrated the story. The thing happened on the May-eve, of the year 1517, the eighth of Henry VIIIth's reign. Numbers of foreigners were at that time settled in England, with particular privileges; and our author observes, ran away with the greatest part of the trade, whilst several of the natives wanted. Exasperated at this, several were for encouraging a tumult, but particularly one Lincolne, a broker, who hired a certain preacher, called Dr. Bele, to inflame the people by his sermons. The court perceiv'd what the citizens would fain be at, but to prevent them, an order was sent by the king and his privy-council to the lord-mayor and aldermen, that they required every housekeeper, under very severe penalties, to take care that all his servants and his whole family should be within-doors by nine at night; and this the magistrates were to see punctually performed. This order was for some time very well observed, but still they wanted only an opportunity of rising, which an accident gave them. Two apprentices playing in the streets about eleven a-clock on the May-eve, the alderman of the ward came to arrest them; but they thinking they had more privilege on that night than any other,

2

began

began to call out to their fellows for assistance, and so many came running out of doors from the neighbourhood, that the alderman was forced to fly. Encouraged by this, and seeing their numbers increase as the rumour of their being up spread, they hastened to the prisons where some had been committed for abusing strangers, and these they first delivered. The lord-mayor and sheriffs, and sir Thomas Moore, who had been their recorder, and was very much beloved by them, could not with all their persuasions restrain them, and force they had not sufficient to oppose them; but furiously rushing on to the house of a very rich foreigner, whom, as he was a great trader, they particularly hated, they broke open his doors, killed every one they met with there, and rifled all the goods; and in other places they committed divers other outrages. At length the news of this disorder reached the ears of the earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey: they rose, and taking with them all the inns-of-court men, they cleared the streets of the rioters, and took numbers of them prisoners. Shortly after, the duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Surrey, with 1300 soldiers, came into the city, and joining the lord-mayor and aldermen, proceeded against the criminals. Two hundred and seventy-eight were found guilty, but whether through the intercession of queen Catherine, or through a merciful disposition of king Henry, not above twelve or fifteen suffered; Lincolne, with three or four more of the most guilty, were hanged, drawn and quarter'd; about ten more were hanged on gibbets in the streets, and the lord-mayor, aldermen and recorder appearing on the behalf of the rest at court, they received a check, as if some of the magistracy had connived at the riot; and the rest of the criminals were ordered to appear before the king at Westminster in white shirts, and balters about their necks; and with them mixed a great number of people, who were not before suspected, that they might be entitled to a pardon; which the king having granted, he also ordered the gibbets which had been erected, to be taken down, and the citizens were again restored to favour.

PERUSE

PERUSE the stories of this land,
 And with advisement mark the fame,
 And you shall justly understand
 How ill May-day first got the name.
 For when king Henry th' eighth did reign,
 And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
 His royal queen he had from Spain,
 With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Catherine nam'd, as stories tell,
 Sometime his elder brother's wife :
 By which unlawful marriage fell
 An endless trouble during life :
 But such kind love he still conceiv'd,
 Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
 Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
 Their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered
 Within our kingdom here to stay :
 Which multitude made victuals dear,
 And all things else from day to day :
 For strangers then did so increase,
 By reason of king Henry's queen,
 And privileg'd in many a place
 To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradefmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell?
Which was a grief to Englishmen,
To see them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe,
At all to have no other intent,

But such a may-game it was known,
As like in London never were;
For by the same full many a one,
With loss of life did pay full dear:
For thousands came with Bilbo blade,
As with an army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran down with blood,
In every street where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
That any of their part maintain'd;
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they suffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand :
Till at the last king Henry's power,
This multitude encompass'd round,
Where with the strength of London's tower,
They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,
On sign-posts at their masters doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,
And frighted from such loud uproars :
And others which the fact repented,
(Two thousand prentices at least)
Were all unto the king presented,
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also :
But such a cry in every street,
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children sweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
Possess'd the court with trembling fear ;
Whereat the queen herself relents,
Tho' it concern'd her country dear :
What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood,
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good,
And pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
These young men did these fortunes find :
And so disrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths I crave ;
O let them not have timeless tombs,
For nature longer limits gave :
In saying so, the pearled tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes ;
Whereat his gentle queen he chears,
And says, Stand up, sweet lady rise.

The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindness shall debar,
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live,
To serve me in my Bullen war.
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As tho' it thunder'd down from heaven,
The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which (kind queen) with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days :
And when king Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For at the siege of Tours in France,
They shew'd themselves brave Englishmen ;
At Bullen too they did advance,
St. George's lusty standard then ;
Let Tourine, Tournay, and those towns
That good king Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done.

For

For ill May-day, and ill May-games,
 Perform'd in young and tender days,
 Can be no hindrance to their fames,
 Or stains of manhood any ways :
 But now it is ordain'd by law,
 We see on May-day's eve at night,
 To keep unruly youths in awe,
 By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
 Which once thro' headstrong young men came ;
 And that's the cause that I do read,
 May-day doth get so ill a name.

VII.

A song of an English knight, that married the royal
 princess, lady Mary, sister to king Henry VIII. which
 knight was afterward made duke of Suffolk.

*Sir Charles Brandon, viscount Lisle, the hero of the fol-
 lowing song, was, for several good services done to king
 Henry VIII. created duke of Suffolk in the year 1514,
 and it was thought at the time the king conferred this honour
 upon*

upon him, he intended him a far greater, by giving him his second sister the princess Mary in marriage; but just at this time Lewis XII. of France seeking the alliance of the English king, a match was made up between him and the princess, to the great grief of the duke; who, however, though he dearly loved her, had honour enough never to use the least means for preventing the marriage, thinking it so very much to her advantage. The princess, with a noble retinue, was sent over to France, where she married Lewis on the 9th of October 1514; but that monarch did not long enjoy her, he dying the first of January following. His successor Francis I. proposed the queen dowager's return into England, to which king Henry consented, after having made the best conditions he could for his sister, and taken security for the payment of her dowry. This done, some of the English nobles were appointed to go over into France to receive the queen, and conduct her back; amongst them were the duke of Suffolk, who, upon his arrival, renewing his suit, and being already in her good graces, found it no difficult matter to gain his point; and wisely concluding, that king Henry might not so readily consent to his marrying the dowager of France, as he would have done to his marrying the princess his sister, he would not delay his happiness, but had the marriage privately celebrated before he left France. When the news was brought to Henry, he seemed much dissatisfied with it, and at first kept Suffolk at a distance; but the king of France and others interceding in his behalf, he was very well reconciled to him, and the duke had no small share afterwards in the administration of affairs. It is remarkable, that neither this lady or her sister had any great pride or ambition in them; for although they both, by the care of their friends, had been wedded to monarchs, we find that the eldest sister princess Margaret, after having buried her first husband, James V. of Scotland, chose one of her nobles for a second, and married Archibald Douglass, earl of Angus.

Eighth Henry ruling in this land,
He had a sister fair,
That was the widow'd queen of France,
Enrich'd with virtues rare :
And being come to England's court,
She oft beheld a knight,
Charles Brandon nam'd, in whose fair eyes,
She chiefly took delight.

And noting in her princely mind,
His gallant sweet behaviour,
She daily drew him by degrees,
Still more and more in favour :
Which he perceiving, courteous knight,
Found fitting time and place,
And thus in amorous sort began,
His love-fuit to her grace :

I am at love, fair queen, said he,
Sweet let your love incline,
That by your grace Charles Brandon may
On earth be made divine :
If worthless I might worthy be
To have so good a lot,
To please your highness in true love,
My fancy doubteth not.

Or

Or if that gentry might convey
 So great a grace to me,
 I can maintain the same by birth,
 Being come of good degree.
 If wealth you think be all my want,
 Your highness hath great store,
 And my supplement shall be love,
 What can you wish for more?

It hath been known when hearty love
 Did tie the true-love knot,
 Though now if gold and silver want,
 The marriage proveth not.
 The goodly queen hereat did blush,
 But made a dumb reply;
 Which he imagin'd what she meant,
 And kiss'd her reverently.

Brandon (quoth she) I greater am,
 Than would I were for thee,
 But can as little master love,
 As them of low degree:
 My father was a king, and so
 A king my husband was,
 My brother is the like, and he
 Will say I do transgress.

But let him say what pleaseth him,
 His liking I 'll forego,
 And chuse a love to please myself,
 Though all the world say no:
 If plowmen make their marriages,
 As best contents their mind,
 Why should not princes of estate
 The like contentment find?

But tell me, Brandon, am I not
 More forward than beseems?
 Yet blame me not for love, I love
 Where best my fancy deems.
 And long may live (quoth he) to love,
 Nor longer live may I,
 Than when I love your royal grace,
 And then disgraced die.

But if I do deserve your love,
 My mind desires dispatch,
 For many are the eyes in court,
 That on your beauty watch:
 But am not I, sweet lady, now
 More forward than behoves?
 Yet for my heart, forgive my tongue,
 That speaks for him that loves.

The queen and this brave gentleman
 Together both did wed,
 And after fought their king's good-will,
 And of their wishes sped :
 For Brandon soon was made a duke,
 And graced so in court,
 Then who but he did flaunt it forth
 Amongst the noblest sort.

And so from princely Brandon's line,
 And Mary's did proceed
 The noble race of Suffolk's house,
 As after did succeed :
 From whose high blood the lady Jane,
 Lord Guilford Dudley's wife,
 Came by descent, who with her lord,
 In London lost her life.

E 3

VIII.

VIII.

The doleful death of queen Jane, wife to king Henry VIII. and the manner of prince Edward's being cut out of her womb.

One would think it almost impossible that there should be the least doubt amongst writers in any point so modern as the fact on which this ballad is founded, and yet if we search our historians, we shall hardly find any of them agreeing in the story of queen Jane. We shall not therefore pretend to advance any thing concerning the manner of her death, but shall quote the opinions of some of our writers, that every one may be at liberty to judge for themselves.

Anne of Bullen, Henry VIIIth's second queen, being beheaded in the tower for adultery, king Henry was married the very next day to lady Jane; who, on the 12th of October (according to the opinion of a vast majority) was delivered of a son at Hampton-court. But notwithstanding this, Sir John Hayward asserts, that prince Edward was not born until the 17th; and adds, "All reports do constantly run, "that he was not by natural passage delivered into the world, "but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth; and "that she died of the incision the fourth day following." Echard, in his history of England, is of a very different opinion; where talking of prince Edward's birth, he tells us "That the joy of it was much allayed by the departure of the "admirable queen, who, contrary to the opinion of many "writers, died twelve days after the birth of this prince, "having been well delivered, and without any incision, as
others

“others have maliciously reported.” Lord Herbert of Cheshire, in his history of Henry VIII. asserts, “That the queen died two days after her delivery.” And indeed he has the authorities of Hollingshead and Stow to support the assertion. Du Chesne, a native of France, who in his history of England has undertaken to clear up this point, does but perplex us the more: talking of these times, he goes on thus: “La royne Jeanne estoit alors enceinte & preste a enfanter, mais quand ce vint au terme de l'accouchement elle eut tant de tourment & de peine, qu' il luit fallut fendre le Costé par lequel on tira son fruit le douzieme Jour d' Oëtobre u Windsor—Elle mourut douze jours après et fut enterré au Chateau de Windsor.”

WHEN as king Henry rul'd this land,
He had a queen I understand;
Lord Seymour's daughter fair and bright,
King Henry's comfort and delight:
Yet death, by his remorseless pow'r,
Did blast the bloom of this sweet Flow'r;
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;
Jane your queen, the flower of England's dead.

His former queen being wrapt in lead,
This gallant dame possess'd his bed:
Where rightly from her womb did spring
A joyful comfort to her king,
A welcome blessing to the land,
Preserv'd by God's most holy hand.

O mourn, &c.

The queen in travail, pained sore
Full thirty woful days and more,
And no ways could deliver'd be,
As every lady wish'd to see :
Wherefore the king made greater moan,
Than ever yet his grace had shown.

O mourn, &c.

Then being something eas'd in mind,
His eyes a slumb'ring sleep did find ;
Where dreaming he had lost a rose,
But which he could not well suppose ;
A ship he had, a rose by name ;
Oh, no ! It was his royal Jane.

O mourn, &c.

Being thus perplex'd with grief and care,
A lady to him did repair,
And said, O king ! show us thy will ;
The queen's sweet life to save or spill.
If she cannot deliver'd be,
Yet save the flow'r, tho' not the tree,

O mourn, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee,
For help from heaven prayed he,
Mean while into a sleep they cast
His queen, which evermore did last :
And op'ning then her tender womb,
Alive they took this budding bloom.

O mourn, &c.

This

This babe so born much comfort brought,
And chear'd his father's drooping thought:
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
Graced with virtue, wit and fame;
And when his father left this earth,
He rul'd this land by lawful birth.

O mourn, &c.

But mark the pow'rful will of heav'n;
We from this joy were soon bereav'n:
Six years he reigned in this land,
And then obeyed God's command,
And left his crown to Mary here,
Whose five years reign cost England dear,

O mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
Fair Europe's pride, and England's star;
The world's wonder; for such a queen
Under heaven was never seen:
A maid, a faint, an angel bright,
In whom all princes took delight.

O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;
Elizabeth, the flower of England's dead.

IX.

A princely song of the six queens that were married to
Henry VIII. king of England.

WHEN England's fame did ring,
Royally, royally,
Of Henry the eighth our king,
All the world over ;
Such deeds of majesty,
Won he most worthily,
England to glorify,
By the hand of fair heaven,

His royal father dead,
Curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
As it appeareth :
Such a tomb did he make,
For his sweet father's fake,
As the whole world may speak
Of his gallant glory.

England's

England's brave monument,
Sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and queens gave consent
To have it there grac'd:
Henry the eighth was he,
Builded in gallantry,
With golden bravery,
In his rich chapel,

And after did provide,
Carefully, carefully,
To chuse a princely bride,
For his land's honour:
His brother's widow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving wife to be
Royal queen Catherine.

Which queen he loved dear,
Many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty year,
E'er they were parted.
From this renowned dame,
Mary his daughter came,
Yet did his bishops frame
To have her divorced.

When as queen Catherine knew
 How the king, how the king,
 Prov'd in love most untrue,
 Thus to forsake her;
 Good lord! what bitter woe,
 Did this fair princess show,
 Unkindly thus to go
 From her sweet husband.

O my kind sovereign dear,
 Said the queen, said the queen,
 Full two and twenty year
 Have I been marry'd:
 Sure it will break my heart,
 From thee now to depart,
 I ne'er plaid wanton's part,
 Royal king Henry.

All this availed nought,
 Woful queen, woful queen,
 A divorce being wrought,
 She must forsake him:
 Never more in his bed
 Laid she her princely head:
 Was e'er wife so bestead,
 Like to queen Catherine?

Amongst our Englishmen,
Of renown, of renown,
The earl of Wiltshire then
Had a virtuous fair daughter :
A brave and princely dame,
Anna Bullen by name,
This virgin was by fame,
Made wife to king Henry.

From this fame royal queen,
Blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
Came our sweet princess
England's Elizabeth,
Fairest queen on the earth ;
Happy made by her birth,
Was this brave kingdom.

When Anna Bullen's place,
Of a queen, of a queen,
Had been for three years space,
More was her sorrow :
In the king's royal head
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the queen her head,
In London's strong tower.

Then

Then took he to wife lady Jane,
 Lovingly, lovingly,
 That from the Seymours came,
 Nobly descended;
 But her love bought she dear,
 She was but queen one year;
 In child-bed she dy'd we hear,
 Of royal king Edward.

England then understand,
 Famously, famously,
 Princes three of this land,
 Thus came from three queens:
 Catherine gave Mary birth,
 Anna Elizabeth,
 Jane, Edward by her death;
 All crown'd in England.

After these married he,
 All in fame, all in fame,
 A dame of dignity,
 Fair Anne of Cleve:
 Her sorrow soon was seen,
 Only six months a queen,
 Graces but growing green,
 So quickly divorced.

Yet

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,
 Woful queen, woful queen!
 Two more as well as she,
 Married unto king Henry:
 To enjoy love's delights,
 On their sweet wedding-nights,
 Which were her proper rites,
 Mournful young princefs.

First a sweet gallant dame,
 Nobly born, nobly born,
 Which had unto her name
 Fair Catherine Howard:
 But e'er two years were past,
 Disliking grew so fast,
 She lost her head at last:
 Small time of glory!

After her, Catherine Parre,
 Made he queen, made he queen,
 Late wife to lord Latimer,
 Brave English baron.
 This lady of renown,
 Deserved not a frown,
 Whilst Henry wore the crown
 Of thrice famous England.

Six royal queens you see,
 Gallant dames, gallant dames,
 At command married he,
 Like a great monarch :
 Yet lives his famous name,
 Without spot or defame ;
 From royal kings he came,
 Whom all the world fear'd.

X.

Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, shewing how John
 Armstrong with his eight-score men fought a bloody
 battle with the Scotch king, at Edenborough.

The hero of the following ballad's habitation, was at no great distance from the river Ewse; there he had a strong body of men under his command, and all his neighbours, even the nearest English stood in awe of him, and paid him tribute. When James V. reigned in Scotland, and Henry VIIIth. in England, the former, willing to suppress all robbers, levied a small army, march'd out against the banditti, and pitch'd his tents hard by the river Ewse. At this John Armstrong became sensible of his danger, and would willingly have made his peace. Some of the king's officers finding him in this disposition, secretly persuaded him

to make his submission; adding, that they durst assure him he would be kindly received. Armstrong followed their counsel, and with sixty horsemen unarmed, hastened to the king, but imprudently forgot to provide himself with passes, and a safe-conduct. Those who had given him this advice, sensible of his error, lay in ambush for, surprized and took him, with his sixty men, and carried them all to the king, pretending that they had made them prisoners. Nor was he accused of robbing only, but of having also formed a design of delivering up that part of the country to the English; and being condemned, he with fifty-four of his companions was hanged, the other six were reserved as hostages to deter their fellows from being guilty of the like crime. Our poet possibly thought, that the gallows was too low a death for his hero, and therefore rather chose to let him die bravely fighting. Instead of three, he gives him a retinue of eightscore men, and lays the scene in Edenburg; and these, I think, are the only material points in which he differs from history.

IS there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can shew himself before our king,
Scotland is so full of treachery?

Yes there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call,
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
He look'd as blith as a bird in a tree,
I was never before a king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord we will go most gallantly,
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

But when Johnny went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain,
Now fare thee well thou Giltnock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,
With his eightscore men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and fwords hanging to their knee.

But

But when John came the king before,
 With his eightscore men so gallant to see,
 The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,
 He thought he had been a king as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my sovereign leige,
 Pardon for my eightscore men and me ;
 For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
 And subject of your's, my liege, said he.

Away with thee, thou false traytor,
 No pardon will I grant to thee,
 But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
 I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Johnny look'd over his left shoulder,
 And to his merry men thus said he,
 I have ask'd grace of a graceless face,
 No pardon there is for you and me.

Then John pull'd out his good broad sword,
 That was made of the mettle so free,
 Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
 John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come, follow me, my merry men all,
 We will scorn one foot for to fly,
 It shall never be said we were hang'd like dogs,
 We will fight it out most manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,
They rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, fight on my merry men all,
I am a little wounded, but am not slain,
I will lay me down and bleed a-while,
Then I'll rise and fight again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain,
For they were resolved before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
'Till most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,
With his bonny griffel got away unta'n.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
The lady spy'd him presently,
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy master, and his company.

My news is bad, lady, he said,
My master Johnny Armstrong is slain,
And all his gallant company.

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny griffel,
Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy fides shall be spurr'd no more, I say.

O then bespoke his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee,
If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death reveng'd shall be.

X. 3

X.

A pleasant ballad shewing how two valiant knights, sir John Armstrong, and sir Michael Musgrave fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the lady Dacres in the North ; and of the great strife that happened between them for her, and how they wrought the death of one hundred men.

Another poet, willing to conceal the ignominious death of Armstrong, has in this song knighted him, and made his rival kill him ; at least we are inclined to believe it is the same Armstrong he is talking of, and for that reason we have inserted it.

AS it fell out one Whitsunday,
 The blith time of the year,
 When every tree was clad with green,
 And pretty birds sing clear :
 The lady Dacres took her way,
 Unto the church that pleasant day,
 With her fair daughter fresh and gay,
 A bright and bonny lass.
 Fa la tre dang de do
 Trang trole le trang de do,
 With hey trang trole lo lye,
 She was a bonny lass,

Sir Michael Musgrave in like sort
 To church repaired then,
 And so did Sir John Armstrong too,
 With all his merry men ;
 Two greater friends there could not be,
 Nor braver knights for chivalry,
 Both batchelors of high degree,
 Fit for a bonny las.

They sat them down upon one seat,
 Like loving brethren dear,
 With hearts and minds devoutly bent,
 God's service for to hear ;
 But rising from their prayers tho'
 Their eyes a ranging strait did go,
 Which wrought their utter overthrow,
 All for one bonny las.

Quoth Musgrave unto Armstrong then,
 Yon sits the sweetest dame,
 That ever for her fair beauty
 Within this country came.
 Insooth, quoth Armstrong presently,
 Your judgment I must verify,
 There never came unto my eye,
 A braver bonny las.

I swear said Musgrave by this sword,
Which did my knighthood win,
To steal away so sweet a dame,
Could be no ghostly sin.
That deed, quoth Armstrong, would be ill,
Except you had her right good will,
That your desire she would fulfil,
And be thy bonny lass.

By this the service quite was done,
And home the people past;
They wish'd a blister on his tongue,
That made thereof such haste.
At the church door the knights did meet,
The lady Dacres for to greet,
But most of all her daughter sweet,
That beauteous bonny lass.

Said Armstrong to the lady fair,
We both have made a vow,
At dinner for to be your guests,
If you will it allow.
With that bespoke the lady free,
Sir knights, right welcome you shall be,
The happier men therefore are we,
For love of this bonny lass.

Thus

Thus were the knights both prick'd in love,
Both in one moment thrall'd,
And both with one fair lady gay,
Fair Isabella call'd.
With humble thanks they went away,
Like wounded harts chas'd all the day,
One would not to the other say,
They loved this bonny las.

Fair Isabel on the other side
As far in love was found,
So long brave Armstrong she had ey'd,
Till love her heart did wound:
Brave Armstrong is my joy, quoth she,
Would Christ he were alone with me,
To talk an hour two or three
With his fair bonny las.

But as these knights together rode,
And homeward did repair,
Their talk and eke their countenance shew'd,
Their hearts were clogg'd with care,
Fair Isabel the one did say,
Thou hast subdu'd my heart this day.
But she's my joy, did Musgrave say,
My bright and bonny las.

With

With that these friends incontinent,
Become most deadly foes,
For love of beauteous Isabel,
Great strife betwixt them rose :
Quoth Armstrong, she shall be my wife,
Although for her I lose my life ;
And thus began a deadly strife,
And for one bonny lass.

Thus two years long this grudge did grow,
These gallant knights between,
While they a wooing both did go,
Unto this beauteous queen.
And she who did their furies prove,
To neither would bewray her love,
The deadly quarrel to remove,
About this bonny lass.

But neither for her fair intreats,
Nor yet her sharp dispute,
Would they appease their raging ire,
Nor yet give o'er their suit.
The gentlemen of the North country,
At last did make this good decree,
All for a perfect unity,
About this bonny lass.

The love-sick knights should be set,
Within one hall so wide,
Each of them in a gallant fort
Even at a several tide :
And 'twixt them both for certainty,
Fair Isabel should placed be,
Of them to take her choice full free,
Most like a bonny lass.

And as she like an angel bright,
Betwixt them mildly stood,
She turn'd unto each several knight
With pale and changed blood :
Now am I at liberty
To make and take my choice, quoth she,
Yea, quoth the knights, we do agree,
Then chuse thou bonny lass.

O Musgrave, thou art all too hot
To be a lady's love,
Quoth she, and Armstrong seems a sot,
Where love binds him to prove ;
Of courage great is Musgrave still,
And sith to chuse I have my will,
Sweet Armstrong shall my joys fulfil,
And I his bonny lass.

The nobles and the gentles both,
 That were in present place,
 Rejoyced at this sweet record;
 But Musgrave in disgrace,
 Out of the hall did take his way,
 And Armstrong marry'd was next day,
 With Isabel his lady gay,
 A bright and bonny las.

But Musgrave on the wedding-day,
 Like to a Scotchman dight,
 In secret fort allured out
 The bridegroom for to fight;
 And he that will not outbraved be,
 Unto his challenge did agree,
 Where he was slain most suddenly
 For his fair bonny las,

The news whereof was quickly brought
 Unto the lovely bride:
 And many of young Armstrong's kin
 Did after Musgrave ride;
 They hew'd him when they had him got,
 As small as flesh into a pot,
 Lo! thus befel a heavy lot,
 About this bonny las.

The lady young, which did lament,
 This cruel cursed strife,
 For very grief dy'd that day,
 A maiden and a wife.
 An hundred men, that hapless day,
 Did lose their lives in that same fray;
 And 'twixt those names, as many say,
 Is deadly strife still bidding.

XI.

A lamentable ditty on the death of lord Guildford Dudley
 and lady Jane Grey, that, for their parents ambition in
 seeking to make these two young princes king and
 queen of England, were both beheaded in the Tower
 of London.

WHEN as king Edward left this life,
 In young and blooming years,
 Began such deadly hate and strife,
 That filled England full of tears.
 Ambition in those ancient days,
 More than ten thousand, thousand, thousand
 Troubles did arise.

Northumberland being made a duke,
Ambitiously did seek the crown,
And Suffolk for the same did look,
To put queen Mary's title down ;
That was king Henry's daughter bright,
And queen of England, England, England,
And king Edward's heir by right.

Lord Guilford and the lady Jane
Were wedded by their parents wills ;
The right from Mary so was ta'en,
Which drew them on to farther ill :
But mark the end of this misdeed,
Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
And they to death decreed.

And being thus adjudg'd to die,
For these their parents haughty aims,
That thinking thus to mount on high,
Their children king and queen proclaims :
But in such aims no blessings be,
When as ten thousand, thousand, thousand,
Their shameful endings see,

Sweet princes they deserv'd no blame,
That thus must die for father's cause,
And bearing of so great a name,
To contradict our English laws.

Let all men then conclude in this,
That they are hapless, hapless, hapless,
Whose parents do amiss.

Now who more great than they of late?
Now who more wretched than they are?
And who more lofty in estate,
Thus suddenly consum'd with care?
Then princes all set down this rest,
And say the golden, golden, golden
Mean is always best.

Prepar'd at last drew on the day,
Whereon the princes both must die;
Lord Guilford Dudley by the way,
His dearest lady did espy,
Whilst he unto the block did go,
She in her window weeping, weeping, weeping,
Did lament her woe.

Their eyes that look'd for love e'er while,
Now blubber'd were with pearled tears,
And every glance and lover's smile
Were turn'd to dole and deadly fears:
Lord Guilford's life did bleeding lye,
Expecting angels, angels, angels
Silver wings to mount on high.

His dearest lady long did look,
When she unto the block should go,
Where sweetly praying on her book,
She made no sign of outward woe;
But wish'd that she had angels wings,
To see that golden, golden, golden
Sight of heavenly things.

And mounting on the scaffold then,
Where Guilford's lifeless body lay,
I come, quoth she, thou flower of men,
For death shall not my soul dismay:
The gates of heaven stand open wide,
To rest for ever, ever, ever,
And thus those princes dy'd.

Their parents likewise lost their heads,
For climbing thus one step too high:
Ambitious towers have slippery leads,
And fearful to a wise man's eye:
For one's amiss great houses fall
Therefore take warning, warning, warning,
By this, you gallants all.

XII.

The princess Elizabeth: A ballad alluding to a story recorded of her when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

Written by the late William Shenstone, Esq.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envyng joys by others flighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

“ Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear:
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station
 Vainly blame the pow'rs above?
 Or accuse the dispensation
 Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
 Pow'r nor chance can these restrain;
 Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!
 Only purest on the plain!

Peers can no such charms discover,
 All in stars and garters drest,
 As, on Sundays, does the lover
 With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
 Said to fade when Chloe's near;
 Pops may use the same allusion;
 But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
 Chearly o'er the brimming pail;
 Cowslips all around her springing
 Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
 Move so sprightly, look so fair;
 Never breast with jewels laden
 Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted
 Me some rural damsel's part !
 All the empire I had wanted
 Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
 Free from fetters, might I rove :
 Fearless taste the crystal fountains ;
 Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving ;
 Partial to my virgin bloom :
 None had envy'd me when living ;
 None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

XIII.

The lamentable complaint of queen Mary for the unkind
 departure of king Philip, in whose absence she fell
 sick and died.

M A R Y doth complain,
 Ladies be you moved
 With my lamentations,
 And my bitter moans :
 Philip king of Spain,

G 2

Whom

Whom in heart I loved,
From his royal queen

Unkindly now is gone ;
Upon my bed I lye,
Sick and like to die :

Help me ladies to lament,
For in heart I bear,
He loves a lady dear ;

Better can his love content :
Oh, Philip ! most unkind,
Bear not such a mind,

To leave the daughter of a king :
Gentle prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
And sweet content to thee I'll bring.

For thy royal sake,
This my country's danger,
And my subjects woes,

I daily do procure :
My burning love to flake,
Noble princely stranger,
And the same to move,

Where it was settled sure,
Divers in this land,
Against my foes did stand,

Pawning their lives therefore :
And for the same were slain,
Gentle king of Spain,

Streets ran down with purple gore.

Forty thousand men,
All in armour then,
This noble kingdom did provide:
To marry England's queen,
Before thou should'st be seen,
Or I be made thy gallant bride.

But now my great good-will,
I see is not regarded,
And my favours kind,
Are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
And with hatred rewarded,
I unhappy queen,
Left here in woful plight,
On our English shore,
Never shall I more
Thy comely personage behold,
For upon the throne,
Gloriously he shone,
In purple robes of gold.
Oh my heart is slain,
Sorrow, care and pain,
Dwell within my sobbing breast:
Death approacheth near me,
Because thou wilt not cheer me,
Thou gallant king of all the west.

Those jewels and those rings,
And that golden treasure,
First to win my love,
Thou broughtest out of Spain;
Now unto me brings
No delight, no pleasure,
But a sorrowful tear,
Which ever will remain:
Thy picture when I see,
Much amazeth me,
Causeth tears a-main to flow,
The substance being gone,
Pleasures I have none,
But lamenting sighs of woe;
The chair of state adorn'd,
Seems as if it mourn'd,
Binding up mine eyes with weeping,
And when that I am led
Unto my marriage-bed,
Sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come you ladies kind,
Bring my gown of fable,
For I now must mourn,
The absence of my lord.
You see my love-sick mind,
Is no longer able,
To endure the sting
Of Cupid's pricking sword;

My

My dying heart doth rest,
 In Philip's princely breast,
 My bosom keeps no heart at all:
 But ever will abide,
 In secret by his side,
 And follow him through bower and hall.
 Though I live disdained,
 Yet my love unfeigned
 Shall remain both chaste and pure,
 And evermore shall prove
 As constant as the dove,
 And thus shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my dying knell,
 Ladies so renowned,
 For your queen must die,
 And all her pomp forsake:
 England now farewell,
 For the fates have frowned,
 And now ready stand,
 My breathing life to take:
 Consume with speed to air,
 Fading ghost prepare
 With my milk-white wings to fly:
 Where sitting on the throne,
 Let my love be shown,
 That for his sake is forc'd to die.
 Be for ever blessed,
 Tho' I die distressed,

Gallant king of high renown.
 The queen now broken-hearted,
 From this world's departed,
 In the heavens to wear a crown.

XIV.

The battle of Corichie on the Hill of Fair, fought Oct.
 28, 1562.

This ballad, which is very antient, has been but lately printed in Scotland. It is said to have been the production of one Forbes, a schoolmaster, at Mary Culter, upon Dieside.

MURN ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,
 I trow ye hae meikle need;
 For thi bonny burn o' Corichie,
 His run this day wi' bleid.

Thi hopefu' laird o' Finliter,
 Erle Huntly's gallant son,
 For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine
 His gar't fair Scotland mone.

Hi

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene,
Throu dreid o' thi fause Murry;
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan
An' his father auld Huntly.

Fain wid he tak our bonny guide quine,
An' beare hir awa' wi' him;
But Murry's flee wyles spoil't a' thi sport,
An' reft him o' lyfe and lim.

Murry gar't rayse thi tardy Merns men,
An' Angis, an' mony ane mair;
Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Linsay;
An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,
An' countit ane thufan men;
But Murry had abien twal hunder,
Wi' fax score horsemen and ten.

They foundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,
An' marchit on in brave array;
Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit,
An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones fae fercelie did fecht it,
Withouten terror or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin,
An' dyit thi grund wi' their bleid.

Then

Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,
An' they purfuit at his backe,
Whan' thi haf o' thi Gordones desertit,
An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi' hether i'thir bonnits they turnit,
The traiter Haddo o' their heid,
An' flaid their brithers an' their fatheris,
An' spoilit an' left them for deid.

Than Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi' fpeid ;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,
An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Than they teuke his twa fones quick an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene ;
But fair did our guide quine lament
Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry loft mony a gallant stout man ;
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's fons, an Egli's far fearit laird,
An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly mist ten score o' his bra' men,
Sum o' heigh an' sum o' leigh degree,
Skeen's youngest fon, thi pryde o' a' the clan,
Was ther fun' dead, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht
 Octobri's aught an' twinty day,
 Crystis' fyfteen hundred thrifcore yeir
 An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maist waefu' came,
 That day the quine did grite her fill,
 For Huntly's gallant stalwart son,
 Wis heidit on thi heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
 Upon thi famen fatal playne;
 Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,
 And see hir lover an' liges flayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
 I wis our countrie better peice;
 I wis our lords wid na' discord,
 I wis our weirs at hame may ceise.

XV.

The most rare and excellent history of the dutcheffs of
Suffolk's calamity.

WHEN God had taken for our fin,
That prudent prince king Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
His raging malice to bewray:
All those that did God's word profess,
He persecuted more or less.

Thus whilst our lord on us did lowre,
Many in prison he did throw,
Tormenting them in Lollard's tower,
Whereby they might the truth forego:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
Were burning in the fire, that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
And many places more beside,
At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,
At Worcester eke good Hooper dy'd:
And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond-sea many fled away,

Amongst

Amongst the rest that sought relief,
 And for their faith in danger stood,
 Lady Elizabeth was chief:
 King Henry's daughter, of royal blood,
 Which in the Tower prisoner did lye,
 Looking each day when she should die.

The dutchess of Suffolk seeing this,
 Whose life likewise the tyrant sought;
 Who in the hopes of heavenly blifs,
 Within God's word her comfort wrought:
 For fear of death was forc'd to fly,
 And leave her house most secretly.

Thus for the love of God alone,
 Her land and goods she left behind;
 Seeking still for that precious stone,
 The word and truth so rare to find:
 She with her nurse, husband and child,
 In poor array their sighs beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,
 Each one did take a severall street,
 Thus all along escaping wrong
 At Billingsgate they all did meet,
 Like people poor in Gravesend barge,
 They simply went with all their charge.

And

And all along from Gravesend town,
 With journeys short on foot they went,
 Unto the sea-coast came they down,
 To pass the seas was their intent:
 And God provided so that day,
 That they took ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
 In Flanders they did arrive,
 This was to them great ease of mind,
 And from their heart much woe did drive:
 And so with thanks to God on high,
 They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travell'd still disguis'd,
 Upon the highway suddenly,
 By cruel thieves they were surpriz'd,
 Affailing their small company:
 And all their treasures and their store,
 They took away, and beat them fore.

The nurse, in midst of all their fright,
 Laid down their child upon the ground;
 She ran away out of their sight,
 And never after that was found:
 Then did the dutchess make great moan,
 With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had there their horses kill'd,
And all their money quite had took,
The pretty baby, almost spoil'd,
Was by their nurse also forlook.
And they far from their friends did stand,
And succourless in a strange land.

The sky likewise began to scowl,
It hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort,
The way was long and wondrous foul,
This may I now full well report,
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the dutchess bore the child,
As wet as ever she could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was weary, then the child bore he;
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes seem'd well pleas'd.

And after many a weary step,
All wet-shod both in dirt and mire;
After much grief, their hearts yet leap;
For labour doth some rest require:
A town before them they did see,
But lodged there they could not be.

From

From house to house then they did go,
Seeking that night where they might lie;
But want of money was their woe,
And still their babe with cold doth cry,
With cap and knee they court'fy make,
But none of them would pity take.

Lo, here a princefs of great blood,
Doth pray a peafant for relief,
With tears bedewed as ſhe ſtood,
Yet few or none regard her grief.
Her ſpeech they could not underſtand,
But ſome gave money in her hand.

When all in vain her ſpeeches ſpent,
And that they could no houſe-room get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To ſtand out of the rain and wet:
Then ſaid the dutcheſs to her dear,
O that we had ſome fire here.

Then did her huſband ſo provide,
That fire and coals they got with ſpeed:
She ſat down by the fire-ſide,
To drefs her daughter that had need:
And whilſt ſhe drefs'd it in her lap,
Her huſband made the infant pap.

Anon the sexton thither came,
 Finding them there by the fire :
 The drunken knave, all void of shame,
 To drive them out was his desire ;
 And spurned out the noble dame,
 Her husband's wrath he did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
 He wrung the church keys out of his hand,
 And struck him so that all the blood
 His head run down as he did stand,
 Wherefore the sexton presently
 For aid and help aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,
 And took the dutchess and her child,
 And with her husband thus they past,
 Like lambs beset with tygers wild ;
 And to the governor were brought,
 Who understood them not in ought.

Then master Bertue brave and bold,
 In Latin made a gallant specch,
 Which all their miseries did unfold,
 And their high favour did beseech :
 With that a doctor sitting by,
 Did know the dutchess presently.

And thereupon arising strait
With words abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that then did wait,
He thus broke forth in words aright:
Behold within your sight (quoth he)
A prince of most high degree.

With that the governor and all the rest,
Were much amaz'd the same to hear,
Who welcomed this new-come guest,
With reverence great, and princely cheer:
And afterwards convey'd they were,
Unto their friend prince Cassimere.

A son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bertue call'd by name,
Sirnam'd the good lord Willoughby,
Of courage great and worthy fame;
Her daughter young that with her went,
Was afterwards countess of Kent.

For when queen Mary was deceas'd,
The dutchess home return'd again,
Who was of sorrow quite releas'd,
By queen Elizabeth's happy reign:
Whose goodly life and piety,
We may praise continually.

XVI.

A joyful song of the deserved praises of good queen Elizabeth, how princely she behaved herself at Tilbury camp in Essex, in 1588, when the Spaniards threatened the invasion of this kingdom.

I Sing a noble princess,
 England's late commanding mistress,
 King Henry's daughter fair Elizabeth:
 She was such a maiden queen,
 As the like ne'er was seen,
 Of any womankind upon the earth.

Her name in golden numbers,
 May written be with wonders,
 That liv'd belov'd four and forty years:
 And had the gifts of nature all
 That to a princess might befall,
 As by her noble virtues well appears,

With majesty admir'd,
Her subjects she requir'd,
That love for love might equally be shown;
Preferring more a publick peace,
Than any private man's increase,
That quietly we still may keep our own.

When embassies did come,
From any prince in Christendom,
Her entertainment was so princely sweet:
She likewise knew what did belong,
To every language, speech and tongue,
Where grace and virtue did together meet.

No princess more could measure,
Her well beseeming pleasure,
In open court among her ladies fair:
For musick, and for portly gate,
The world afforded not her mate:
So excellent her carriage was and rare.

Kingly states oppressed,
And such as were distressed,
With means and money daily she reliev'd.
As law of nations did her bind,
To strangers she was ever kind;
And such as with calamities were griev'd.

And

And when into this kingdom,
Bloody wars did threatning come,
Her highness would be ready with good will,
As it in eighty-eight was seen :
When as this thrice renowned queen,
Gave noble courage to her soldiers fill.

This more than worthy woman,
Like to a noble Amazon,
In silver-plated armour bravely went
Unto her camp at Tilbury,
With many knights of chivalry,
Couragiously her army to content.

But being there arrived,
With noble heart she strived,
To give them all what they desir'd to have :
A lovely grace of countenance,
Smiling with perseverance,
To whom so sweet a countenance she gave.

Upon the drum-head fitting,
As it was well befitting,
For such a royal princess thus to speak :
A foldier I will live and die,
Fear shall never make me fly,
Nor any danger leave to undertake.

With that amidst the battel,
The musketteers did rattle
A peal of powder flaming all in fire;
The cannons they did loudly play,
To please her majesty that day,
Which she in heart did lovingly desire.

Her highness thus delighted,
She royally requited
The noble captains and the soldiers all;
For golden angels flew amain,
Round about the warlike train,
Each one rewarded was both great and small.

With that in noble manner,
To England's fame and honour,
The thund'ring shot began to play again;
And for this royal princess sake,
Rattling made the ground to shake,
In spite of all their enemies of Spain.

The more to be commended,
She graciously befriended
Full many a worthy gentleman that day,
By knighting them in noble fort,
As it had been in England's court,
Such gallant graces had she every way.

So

So freely, kind and loving,
 She was by her approving,
 To rich and poor that came unto her grace;
 Not any one but found her still
 A friend to good, a foe to ill,
 And every virtue sweetly would embrace.

But now in heaven's high palace,
 She lives in joy and solace,
 Committing all her charge unto the king;
 Of whose admired majesty,
 Ruling us so quietly,
 Rojoicingly we subjects all do sing.

XVII.

The life and death of the famous Thomas Stukely, an
 English gallant, in the time of queen Elizabeth, who
 ended his life in a battle of three kings of Barbary.

IN the west of England,
 Born there was I understand,
 A famous gallant was he in his days,
 By birth a worthy clothier's son,
 Deeds of wonders hath he done,
 To purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I would tell his story,
Pride was all his glory,
And lusty Stukely he was call'd in court,
He serv'd a bishop in the west,
And did accompany the best,
Maintaining of himself in gallant fort,

Being thus esteemed,
And every where well deemed,
He gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an alderman,
Curtis she was called then,
To whom a suitor gallantly he came.

When she his person spyed,
He could not be denyed,
So brave a gentleman he was to see ;
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
Her father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in state and pleasure,
Full many days they measure,
'Till cruel death with his regardless spight,
Bore old Curtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wish'd to have,
That he might revel all in gold so bright.

He

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely he presumed,
To spend a hundred pounds a day in waste.
The greatest gallants in the land
Had Stukely's purse at their command,
Thus merrily the time away he pass'd.

Taverns and ordinaries,
Where his chieftest braveries,
Golden angels there flew up and down;
Riots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night,
In court and city thus he won renown.

Thus wasting lands and living,
By this lawless giving,
At length he sold the pavements of the yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Curtis left the same to him,
Which he consumed lately as you have heard.

Whereat his wife fore grieved
Desiring to be relieved,
Make much of me dear husband, she did say,
I'll make much more of thee (said he)
Than any one shall verily,
I'll sell thy cloaths, and so I'll go my way.

Cruelly

Cruelly this hard-hearted,
Away from her he parted,
And travell'd into Italy with speed;
There he flourish'd many a day,
In his filks and rich array,
And did the pleasures of a lady feed.

It was the lady's pleasure
To give him goods and treasure,
For to maintain him in great pomp and fame;
At last came news assuredly
Of a battle fought in Barbary
And he would valiantly go see the fame.

Many a noble gallant,
Sold both land and talent
To follow Stukely in his famous fight.
Whereas three kings in person would
Advent'rously with courage bold,
Within this battle shew themselves in fight.

Stukely and his followers all
Of the king of Portugal,
Had entertainment like to gentlemen.
The king affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,
And bore his royal standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each man did shew his bammer,
Morocco, and the king of Barbary,
Portugal, and all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
And gave the onset there most valiantly.

The canons they rebounded,
Thund'ring guns redounded,
Kill, kill, was all the soldiers cry;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
The sun likewise was darken'd in the sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
But tokens of God's wrath did show,
That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearful blazing star,
Whereby the kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilful murder,
Where fixscore thousand fighting men were slain.
Three kings within this battle dy'd;
With forty dukes and earls beside,
The like will never more be fought again.

With

With woeful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding
The bloody sacrifice of souls that day :
He fighting said, I woeful wight,
Against my conscience here do fight,
And brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with grief oppressed,
Those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
Upon him all did lay their murd'ring hands.

Unto death thus wounded
His heart with sorrow swooned,
And to them thus he made his heavy moan,
Thus have I left my country dear,
To be thus vilely murder'd here,
E'en in this place, whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly spent in idle course of life ;
What I have had is past I see,
And bringeth nought but grief to me,
Therefore grant me pardon, gentle wife.

Life I see consumeth,
 And death I see presumeth,
 To change this life of mine into a new :
 Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
 I liv'd and dy'd in love of kings,
 And so brave Stukely bid the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
 Was after death befriended,
 And like a foldier bury'd gallantly,
 Where now there stands upon the grave,
 A stately temple builded brave,
 With golden turrets piercing to the sky.

XVIII.

Queen Elizabeth's champion : or, a victory obtain'd by
the young earl of Essex, over the old emperor of Ger-
many, by sea ; in which he took the emperor's son,
and brought him prisoner to queen Elizabeth.

COME found up your trumpets and beat up your
drums,

And let's go to sea with a valiant good cheer,
In search of a mighty vast navy of ships,
The like has not been for this fifty long years,
Raderer two, tandaro te
Raderer, tadorer, tan do re.

The queen she provided a navy of ships,
With sweet flying streamers so glorious to see,
Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieutenants
Some forty, some fifty brass pieces and three.
Raderer two, &c.

They had not sail'd past a week on the seas,
Not passing a week and days two or three,
But they were aware of the proud emperor,
Both him and all his proud company,
Raderer two, &c.

When

When he beheld our powerful fleet,
Sailing along in their glory and pride,
He was amaz'd at their valour and fame,
Then to his warlike commanders he cry'd,
Raderer, two, &c.

These were the words of the old emperor,
Saying, Who's this that is sailing to me,
If he be a king that weareth a crown,
Yet am I a better man than he,
Raderer two, &c.

It is not a king nor lord of a crown,
Which now to the seas with his navy is come.
But the young earl of Essex, the queen's lieutenant
Who fears no foes in Christendom,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh ! Is that young lord then come to the seas,
Then let's tack about, and be steering away,
I have heard so much of his father before,
That I will not fight with young Essex to-day,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh ! then bespoke the emperor's son,
As they were tacking and steering away,
Give me, royal father, this navy of ships,
And I will go fight with young Essex to-day,
Raderer two, &c.

Take them with all my heart, loving son,
 Most of them are of a capital fize,
 But should he do as his father has done,
 Farewel thine honour and mine likewise,
 Raderer two, &c.

With cannons hot, and thund'ring shot,
 These two gallants fought on the main,
 And as it was young Essex's lot,
 The emperor's son by him was ta'en.
 Raderer two, &c.

Give me my son, the emperor cry'd,
 Which thou this day has taken from me,
 And I'll give thee three keys of gold,
 The one shall be of High Germany.
 Raderer two, &c.

I care not for thy three keys of gold,
 Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,
 But thy son he shall to England sail,
 And go before the queen with me,
 Raderer two, &c.

Then have I fifty good ships of the best,
 As good as ever was sent to the sea,
 And e'er my son into England shall sail,
 They shall go all for good company.
 Raderer two, &c.

They had not fought this famous battle,
 They had not fought it hours were three,
 E'er some lost legs, and some lost arms,
 And some lay tumbling in the sea,
 Raderer two, &c.

Essex he got his battle likewise,
 Tho' 'twas the sharpest that ever was seen,
 Home return'd with a wonderful prize,
 And brought the emperor's son to the queen,
 Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then bespoke the 'prentices all,
 Living in London, both proper and tall,
 In a kind letter sent strait to the queen,
 For Essex's sake they would fight all.
 Raderer two; tandaro te;
 Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

XIX.

A lamentable ditty on the death of Robert Devereux,
 earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the Tower of
 London, on Ash-Wednesday, 1600-1.

SWEET England's prize is gone,
 Welladay, welladay,
 Which makes her sigh and groan
 Evermore still :
 He did her fame advance,
 In Ireland, Spain, and France,
 And by a sad mischance
 Is from us ta'en.

He was a virtuous peer,
 Welladay, &c.
 And was esteemed dear,
 Evermore still.
 He always lov'd the poor,
 Which makes 'em sigh full sore,
 His death they did deplore
 In every place.

Brave honour grac'd him still,
 Gallantly, gallantly,
 He ne'er did deed of ill,
 Well it is known :
 But envy, that foul fiend,
 Whose malice ne'er doth end,
 Hath thus brought virtue's friend,
 Unto this thrall.

At tilt he did surpass,
 Gallantly, &c.
 All men that is and was,
 Evermore still.
 One day as it was seen,
 In honour of the queen,
 Such deeds have feldom been,
 As he did do.

Abroad and eke at home,
 Gallantly, &c.
 For valour there was none,
 Like him before :
 For Ireland, France and Spain,
 Still fear'd great Essex's name,
 But England lov'd the same,
 In every place.

But all would not avail.

Welladay, welladay,

His deeds did not prevail,

More was the pity :

He was condemn'd to die,

For treason certainly,

But God that sits on high,

Knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morn,

Welladay, &c.

That he to the city came,

With all his troops ;

Did first begin the strife,

And caus'd his loss of life,

And others did the like,

As well as he.

Yet her princely majesty,

Graciously, graciously,

Hath pardon given free

To many of them ;

She hath releas'd them quite,

And given them their right :

They did pray day and night

God to defend her.

Shrove-tuesday in the night,
Welladay, &c.
With a heavy-hearted spight,
As it is said:
The lieutenant of the Tower,
Who kept him in his power,
At ten a-clock that hour,
To him did come.

And said unto him there,
Mournfully, &c.
My lord you must prepare,
To die to-morrow.
God's will be done, quoth he,
Yet shall you strangely see,
God strong in me to be,
Tho' I am weak.

I pray you pray for me,
Welladay, &c.
That God may strengthen me
Against that hour.
Then straightway he did call
To the guard under the wall,
And did intreat them all
For him to pray;

For to-morrow is the day,
 Welladay, &c.
 That I a debt must pay,
 Which I do owe;
 It is my life I mean,
 Which I must pay the queen,
 Even so hath justice given,
 That I must die.

In the morning was he brought,
 Welladay, &c.
 Where the scaffold was set up,
 Within the Tower,
 Many lords were present then,
 With other gentlemen,
 Which were appointed then,
 To see him die.

You noble lords, quoth he,
 Welladay, &c.
 That must the witnesses be,
 Of this my dream:
 Know I ne'er lov'd papistry
 But still did it defy,
 And thus doth Essex die,
 Here in this place.

I have a finner been,
Welladay, &c.
Yet never wrong'd my queen,
In all my life :
My God I did offend,
Which grieves me at my end :
May all the rest amend,
I them forgive.

To the state I ne'er meant ill,
Welladay, &c.
Neither wish'd the commons ill
In all my life :
But lov'd with all my heart,
And always took their part,
Whene'er they were desert,
In any place.

Then mildly did he crave,
Mournfully, &c.
He might the favour have,
Private to pray.
He then pray'd heartily,
And with great fervency,
To God that sits on high,
For to receive him.

And then he pray'd again,
 Mournfully, &c.
 God to preserve his queen
 From all her foes,
 And send her long to reign,
 True justice to maintain,
 And not to let proud Spain
 Once to offend her.

His gown he stript off then,
 Welladay, &c.
 And put off his hat and band,
 And hung them by,
 Praying still continually,
 To God that sits on high,
 That he might patiently
 There suffer death.

My headsmen that must be,
 Then said he chearfully,
 Let him come here to me,
 That I may see him.
 Who kneeled to him then;
 Art thou, quoth he, the man
 Who art appointed now,
 My life to free?

Yes,

Yes, my lord, he did say,
Welladay, &c.

Forgive me, I you pray,
For this your death:

I here do thee forgive,
And may true justice live,
No foul crimes to forgive,
Within this place:

Then he kneel'd down again,
Welladay, &c.

And was requir'd by some,
There standing by,
To forgive his enemies,
Before death clos'd his eyes,
Which he did in hearty-wise,
Thanking them for't.

That they would remember him,
Welladay, &c.

That he would forgive all them
That had him wrong'd:

Now I take my leave,
Sweet Christ my soul receive,
Now when you will prepare,
I am ready.

He laid his head on the block,

Welladay, &c.

But his doublet lett the stroke,

Some there did say :

What must be done, quoth he,

Shall be done presently ;

Then his doublet off put he,

And laid down again :

The headfman did his part,

Cruelly, cruelly,

He was not seen to start,

For all the blows :

His soul is now at rest,

In heaven among the blest'd,

Where God send us to rest,

When it shall please him.

XX.

A lamentable ballad on the earl of Effex's death.

ALL you that cry O hone, O hone,
Come now and sing O hone with me,
For why our jewel is from us gone,
The valiant knight of chivalry:
Of rich and poor belov'd was he,
In time an honourable knight,
When by our laws condemn'd to die,
He lately took his last good-night.

Count him not like to Champion,
Those traiterous men of Babington,
Nor like the earl of Westmoreland,
By whom a number were undone:
He never yet hurt mother's son,
His quarrel still maintains the right,
With the tears my face run down,
When I think on his last good night.

The Portugals can witness be,
His dagger at Lisbon gate he flung,
And like a knight of chivalry,
His chain upon the gates he hung:
I would to God that he would come,
To fetch them back in order right,
Which thing was by his honour done,
Yet lately took his last good-night.

The Frenchmen they can testify,
The town of Gournay he took in,
And march'd to Rome immediately,
Not caring for his foes a pin:
With bullets then he pierc'd his skin,
And made them fly from his sight:
He there that time did credit win,
And now hath ta'en his last good-night.

And stately Cales can witness be,
E'en by his proclamation right,
And did command them all straitly,
To have a care of infants lives,
And that none should hurt man or wife,
Which was against their right:
Therefore they pray'd for his long life,
Which lately took his last good-night.

Wou'd God he ne'er had Ireland known,
 Nor set one foot on Flanders ground,
 Then might we well enjoy'd our own,
 Where now our jewel will not be found,
 Which makes our eyes still abound;
 Trickling with salt tears in our fight,
 To hear his name in our ears to found,
 Lord Devereux took his last good-night.

Ash-Wednesday, that dismal day,
 When he came forth his chamber-door;
 Upon a scaffold there he saw
 His headsmen standing him before:
 The nobles all they did deplore,
 Shedding salt tears in his fight,
 He said farewell to rich and poor,
 At his good-morrow and good-night.

My lords, said he, you stand but by,
 To see performance of the law;
 'Tis I that have deserv'd to die,
 And yield myself unto the blow;
 I have deserv'd to die I know,
 But ne'er against my country's right,
 Nor to my queen was ever foe,
 Upon my death at my good-night.

Farewell Elizabeth, my gracious queen,
 God blefs thee, with thy council all;
 Farewel my knights of chivalry,
 Farewel my soldiers stout and tall:
 Farewel the commons great and small,
 Into the hands of men I light,
 My life fhall make amends for all,
 For Effex bids the world good-night.

Farewel dear wife, and children three,
 Farewel my kind and tender fon:
 Comfort your felves, mourn not for me,
 Altho' your fall be now begun:
 My time is come, my glafs is run,
 Comfort your felf in former light,
 Seeing by my fall you are undone,
 Your father bids the world good-night.

Derick, thou know'ft at Cales I fav'd
 Thy life, loft for a rape there done,
 As thou thy felf canft testify,
 Thine own hand three and twenty hung;
 But now thou fee'ft my felf is come,
 By chance into thy hands I light,
 Strike out thy blow, that I may know,
 Thou Effex lov'd at his good-night.

When

When England counted me a papist,
 The works of papists I defy,
 I ne'er worshipp'd saint nor angel in heav'n,
 Nor the virgin Mary I;
 But to Christ, which for my sins did die,
 Trickling with salt tears in his sight,
 Spreading my arms to God on high,
 Lord Jesus receive my soul this night.

XXI.

The life and death of queen Elizabeth.

IN England reigned once a king,
 Eighth Henry call'd by name,
 Which made fair Anne of Bullen queen
 Of England in great fame:
 Who brought into this country joy,
 And to her king delight;
 A daughter that in England made
 God's gospel shine most bright.

At

At Greenwich was the princeſs born,
That gallant place in Kent,
A houſe belov'd of kings and queens,
A houſe of ſweet content,
E'en in her childhood ſhe began,
So ſtor'd with heav'nly grace,
That all eſtates both high and low,
Her virtues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,
In learning ſo divine,
She had the perfect ſkilful art,
Of all the muſes nine :
In Latin, Greek, and Hebrew ſhe
Moſt excellent was known,
To foreign kings ambaffadors
The fame was daily ſhown.

Th' Italian, French, and Spaniſh tongue,
She well could ſpeak or read,
The Turkiſh and Arabian ſpeech
Grew perfect at her need.
The muſick made her wonderful,
So cunning therein found,
The fame whereof about the world,
In princes ears did ſound ;

Yet

Yet when her royal parents lives
By death were ta'en away,
And her dear brother Edward turn'd
To clods of earth and clay :
Her cruel sister Mary fought,
Her lasting grief and woe,
Regarding not the gifts which God
Upon her did bestow.

A bloody reign queen Mary liv'd,
A papist in belief,
Which was unto Elizabeth
A great heart-breaking grief.
A faithful protestant she was,
At which queen Mary spighted,
And in Elizabeth's mishaps
She daily much delighted.

Poor maiden by the bishops wills
In prison she was put,
And from her friends and comforters
In cruel manner shut.
Much hoping she would turn in time,
And her true faith forsake ;
But firm she was, and patiently
Did all these troubles take.

Her sister forthwith did command

Her diet to be small,

Her servants likewise very few,

Yea almost none at all :

And also would have ta'en her life,

But that king Philip said,

O queen, thy country will report,

Thou hast the tyger play'd.

The lord thus put the king in mind

His chosen saint to save,

And also to queen Mary's life

A sudden ending gave :

And so Elizabeth was fetch'd

From prison to a crown,

Which she full four and forty years

Possess'd with great renown,

She popery first of all suppress'd,

And in our English tongue,

Did cause God's Bible to be read ;

Which Heaven continue long !

Pure preaching likewise she ordain'd,

With plenty in this land,

And still against the foes thereof

Most zealously did stand.

The pride of Rome this queen abates,
 And spightful Spain keeps under,
 And succour'd much Low Country states,
 Whereat the world did wonder,
 That such a worthy queen as she,
 Should work such worthy things,
 And bring more honour to this land,
 Than all our former kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines,
 In spight of all our foes,
 Throughout all parts of Christendom,
 Her brave adventure shows:
 Her battels fought upon the seas,
 Refounded up to heaven,
 Which to advance her fame and praise,
 Had victory still given.

The Spanish power in eighty-eight,
 Which thirsted for her blood,
 Most nobly, like an amazon,
 Their purposes withstood;
 And boldly in her royal camp,
 In person she was seen:
 The like was never done, I think,
 By any English queen.

Full many a traytor since that time,
She hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodiest mind of all
Her courage could affright:
For mercy join'd with majesty
Still made her foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deserv'd
To have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Irish rout
Of rebels in that land,
Though ne'er so desperate, bold and stout,
Yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble fore
But for to hear her name:
She planted peace in that fair land,
And did their wildness tame.

Tho' wars she kept with dangers great,
In Ireland, France, and Spain;
Yet her true subjects still at home
In safety did remain:
They joy'd to see her princely face,
And would in numbers run,
To meet her royal majesty,
More thick than moats in fun.

But

But time that brings all things to end,
 A swift foot-courfe did run :
 And of this royal maiden queen,
 A woful conquest won.
 Her death brought fear upon the land,
 No words but tales of woe
 In subjects ears refounded then,
 Where-ever men did go.
 But fear exchang'd to prefent joys,
 Sweet comforts loud did ring,
 Inftead of queen, the people cry'd,
 Long live our royal king :
 Which name of king did feem moft ftrange,
 And made us for to mufe ;
 Becaufe full many a year the name
 Of king we did not ufe.

Yet fuch a noble king is he,
 And fo maintains our peace,
 That we in that may daily wifh
 His life may never ceafe.
 Our hopeful and moft royal prince,
 Good angels ftill defend,
 This is my mufe's chief defire,
 Her melody to end.

XXII.

The honour of a London 'prentice. Being an account of his matchless manhood and brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the king's daughter, &c.

The following song relates to a noble piece of chivalry performed in queen Elizabeth's days, and therefore claims a place here; though it must be acknowledged we have not been able to discover who the hero was, nor any account of the facts on which the ballad is founded.

OF a worthy London 'prentice,
 My purpose is to speak,
 And tell his brave adventures
 Done for his country's sake:
 Seek all the world about,
 And you shall hardly find,
 A man in valour to exceed
 A 'prentice gallant mind.

He

He was born in Cheshire,
 The chief of men was he,
 From thence brought up to London,
 A 'prentice for to be.
 A merchant on the bridge,
 Did like his service so,
 That for three years his factor,
 To Turkey he should go,

And in that famous country
 One year he had not been,
 E'er he by tilt maintained
 The honour of his queen,
 Elizabeth his princefs,
 He nobly did make known,
 To be the phoenix of the world,
 And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
 Well mounted on a steed,
 One score of knights most hardy
 One day he made to bleed ;
 And brought them all unto the ground,
 Who proudly did deny,
 Elizabeth to be the pearl
 Of princely majesty.

The king of that fame country
 Thereat began to frown,
 And will'd his son, there present,
 To pull this youngster down;
 Who at his father's words
 These boasting speeches said,
 Thou art a traytor English boy,
 And hast the traytor play'd.

I am no boy, nor traytor,
 Thy specches I defy,
 For which I'll be revenged
 Upon thee by and by,
 A London 'prentice still
 Shall prove as good a man,
 As any of your Turkish knights,
 Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him
 A box upon the ear,
 Which broke his neck afunder,
 As plainly doth appear.
 Now know proud Turk, quoth he,
 I am no English boy,
 That can with one small box o'th' ear
 The prince of Turks destroy.

When as the king perceived
 His son so strangely slain,
 His soul was sore afflicted
 With more than mortal pain:
 And in revenge thereof,
 He swore that he should dye
 The cruell'st death that ever man
 Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lyons were prepar'd
 This 'prentice to devour,
 Near famish'd up with hunger,
 Ten days within the tower,
 To make them far more fierce,
 And eager of their prey,
 To glut themselves with human gore,
 Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,
 At length grew nigh at hand,
 When all the noble ladies
 And barons of the land,
 Attended on the king,
 'To see this 'prentice slain,
 And bury'd in the hungry maws
 Of those fierce lyons twain.

Then

Then in his shirt of cambrick,
With filks most richly wrought,
This worthy London 'prentice
Was from the prison brought,
And to the lyons given
To stanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days space
Not one small bit of meat,

But God that knows all secrets,
The matter so contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
They were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
They scarcely could withstand
The noble force, and fortitude,
And courage of his hand:

For when the hungry lyons,
Had cast on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
With the echo of their cries:
And running all amain
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
With all his might and power:

From

From thence by manly valour,
 Their hearts he tore in funder,
 And at the king he threw them,
 To all the peoples wonder.
 This I have done, quoth he,
 For lovely England's sake,
 And for my country's maiden queen,
 Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived
 His wrathful lyons hearts,
 Afflicted with great terror,
 His rigour soon reverts,
 And turned all his hate,
 Into remorse and love,
 And said it is some angel
 Sent down from heav'n above.

No, no, I am no angel,
 The courteous young man said,
 But born in famous England,
 Where God's word is obey'd ;
 Assisted by the heavens,
 Who did me thus befriend,
 Or else they had most cruelly
 Brought here my life to end.

XXX

The

The king, in heart amazed,
 Lift up his eyes to heaven
 And for his foul offences
 Did crave to be forgiven ;
 Believing that no land
 Like England may be seen,
 No people better govern'd
 By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
 He pardon'd him his life,
 And gave his daughter to him,
 To be his wedded wife :
 Where then they did remain,
 And live in quiet peace,
 In spending of their happy days
 In joy and love's increase.

No, no, I am no angel,
 The courteous young man said,
 But born in famous England,
 Where God's word is obey'd :
 Afflict by the heavens,
 Who did me thus bestow,
 Or else they had most cruelly
 Brought here my life to end.

XXIII.

The true lovers knot unty'd: being the right path
whereby to advise princely virgins how to behave
themselves, by the example of the renowned princess
the lady Arabella, and the second son of the lord Sey-
mour, late earl of Hertford.

AS I to Ireland did pass,
I saw a ship at anchor lay,
Another ship likewise there was,
Which from fair England took her way.

This ship that sail'd from fair England,
Unknown unto our gracious king,
The lord chief justice did command,
That they to London should her bring.

I then drew near, and saw more plain,
Lady Arabella in distress,
She wrung her hands, and wept amain,
Bewailing of her heaviness.

When

When near fair London tower she came,
Whereas her landing place should be,
The king and queen with all their train,
Did meet this lady gallantly.

How now, Arabella, said our good king,
Unto this lady strait did say,
Who hath first try'd thee to this thing,
That you from England took your way.

None but my self, my gracious liege,
These ten long years I've been in love,
With the lord Seymour's second son,
The earl of Hertford so we prove:

Full many a hundred pound I had
In goods and livings in the land,
Yet I have lands us to maintain,
So much your grace doth understand.

My lands and livings so well known
Unto your books of majesty,
Amount to twelvescore pounds a week,
Besides what I do give, quoth she.

In gallant Derbyshire likewise,
I ninescore beadsmen maintain there,
With hats and gowns and house rent free,
And every man five marks a year.

I never

I never raised rent, said she,
Nor yet opprefs'd the tenant poor,
I never did take bribes for fines,
For why, I had enough before.

Whom of your nobles will do so,
For to maintain the commonality?
Such multitudes would never grow,
Nor be such store of poverty.

I would I had a milk-maid been,
Or born of some more low degree,
Then I might have lov'd where I lik'd,
And no man could have hinder'd me.

Or would I were some yeoman's child,
For to receive my portion now,
According unto my degree,
As other virgins whom I know.

The highest branch that soars aloft,
Needs must beshade the myrtle-tree,
Needs must the shadow of them both,
Shadow the third in his degree.

But when the tree is cut and gone,
And from the ground is bore away,
The lowest tree that there doth stand,
In time may grow as high as they.

Once too I might have been a queen,
 But that I ever did deny,
 I knew your grace had right to th' crown,
 Before Elizabeth did dye.

You of the eldest sister came,
 I of the second in degree,
 The earl of Hertford of the third,
 A man of royal blood was he.

And so good night, my sovereign liege,
 Since in the tower I must lye,
 I hope your grace will condescend,
 That I may have my liberty.

Lady Arabella, said the king,
 I to your freedom would consent,
 If you would turn and go to church,
 There to receive the sacrament.

And so good night, Arabella fair,
 Our king replied to her again,
 I will take council of my nobility,
 That you your freedom may obtain.

Once more to prison must I go,
 Lady Arabella then did say,
 To leave my love breeds all my woe,
 The which will bring my life's decay.

Love is a knot none can unknit,
 Fancy a liking of the heart,
 Him whom I love I can't forget,
 Tho' from his presence I must part.

The meanest people enjoy their mates,
 But I was born unhappily,
 For being cross'd by cruel fates,
 I want both love and liberty.

But death I hope will end the strife,
 Farewel, farewel, my love, quoth she,
 Once I had thought to have been thy wife,
 But now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this sad meeting she had cause,
 In heart and mind to grieve full fore,
 After that time Arabella fair,
 Did never see lord Seymour more.

XXIV.

A servant's sorrow for the loss of his late royal mistress
queen Anne, who deceas'd at Hampton court the 2d
of May, 1618.

IN dole and deep distress
Poor soul I sighing make my moan,
A doom of heaviness
Constrains my heavy heart to groan.
Then hapless I
That thus must cry
Against those sisters three,
Which to my pain,
Her life hath ta'ne
That late did comfort me.

In sable weeds I mourn,
My prince's absence to condole,
Who never can return
Unto my sad forsaken soul.
Yet will I show
The grounds of wee,
Of such as mourners be,
For sorrowing care
Will be my share,
When none will comfort me.

My golden sun is fled,
And clearest day beset with clouds,
A hollow sheet of lead
My late beloved princess shrouds.
For whose sweet sake
This moan I make,
As all the world may see,
There is no joy,
But in annoy ;
Then who can comfort me ?

With grief I waste away,
Remembring of my gracious queen ;
We servants all may say,
And witness well what she hath been,
A princess kind,
Of royal mind,
Adorn'd with courtesy ;
But now a grave
Her grace will have,
And none will comfort me.

Oh let my ireful cries
To sadness court and country move,
No mourning may suffice
To tell my dear affecting love,

Nor words of woe
Cannot well show,
The griefs that settled be
Within my breast,
So much distrest,
That none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be store
Of kings, of states, and princes high,
Who sadly do deplore
The want of that sweet majesty :
Who spent her days
In virtuous ways,
And doing good, we see :
Her liberal hand
Adorn'd this land,
Which much doth comfort me.

My sovereign lord king James,
Lamenting moans his turtle dear,
And princely Charles out-streams
Full many a sad and sorrowful tear :
So as that race
Of royal grace
And blooms of majesty,
Conjoin in one,
For to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me.

The

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,
With Denmark's most true honoured king,
Unto sad sorrow's shrine,
Some sacrificing tears will bring :

Elizabeth
Thy mother's death
A mournful news will be,
To fill those courts
With sad reports,
Yet no man comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
And German princes of her kin,
Possess with sorrow stand,
And sadly thus their grief begin :

Farewel, adieu,
Sweet queen so true,
Thy life much miss'd will be ;
For rich and poor
Fed on thy store,
But now none comforts me.

Where-'re her highness went,
Sweet bounty frankly she bestow'd,
The gifts that God her lent,
Unto the world she nobly show'd :

With many ways
Advanc'd her praise,
So full of good was she;
The which did move
All men to love,
But now none comforts me,

You ladies fair and fine,
Attendants on this royal queen,
Her grace is made divine
On this dull earth not to be seen,
Her soul is flown
Up to the throne
Where angels reigning be,
Whilst I aspire
To vain desire,
For now none comforts me,

Oh blessed be that mould
Which shall contain so sweet a prize,
Keep safe the same inroll'd,
Untouch'd, unseen by mortal eyes.

Till from this earth
A second birth
Of newness framed be,
And till that hour
Preserve this flower,
Whose goodness comforts me,

A queen

A queen and mother dear,
A wife, a daughter to a king,
A sister royal here,
And grandom as renown doth ring :
Which rich born fame
Hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be,
Yet after-days
Shall sound her praise ;
Which greatly comforts me.

XXV.

An excellent song made of the successors of king Edward IV.

WHEN as the king of England dy'd,
Edward the fourth by name ;
He had two sons of tender years,
For to succeed the same :
Then Richard duke of Gloucester
Desiring kingly sway,
Devis'd by treason how to make
His nephews both away.

He with the duke of Buckingham
Did closely then contrive
How he unto the English crown
Might happily atchieve :
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
And both together went
To Stony Stratford, where they met
Our king incontinent.

This sweet young king did entertain
His uncle lovingly,
Not thinking of their secret drift,
And wicked treachery ;
But when the duke of Buckingham
To set abroad the thing,
Began a quarrel for the once,
With them that kept the king.

And there they did arrest lord Gray,
The brother to the queen,
Her other brother lord Rivers,
In durance then was seen :
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise
Did then and there arrest ;
Thus was the king of all his friends
On sudden dispossess.

The

The king doth for his uncles plead,
And would their sureties be :
But both these dukes would in no case
To his request agree.
In brief these noblemen were sent
To Pomfret castle soon,
Where secretly and suddenly
They there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the king alone,
To London with great speed,
Using persuasions in such sort,
Not to mislike their deed :
But when to London he was come,
For him they had prepar'd
The bishop's palace there to hold,
But safely under guard.

And then duke Richard takes on him
The keeping of the king,
Naming himself lord protector,
His purpose about to bring :
Devising how to get in hold
The other brother too,
The which the cardinal undertook
Full cunningly to do.

The

The cardinal then all in haste
Unto the queen did come,
Uſing perſuaſions in ſuch ſort,
He got the other ſon :
And then they both incontinent
Unto the Tower were ſent,
After which time they ne'er came forth,
For death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means
To work theſe princes death,
Did cauſe James Tirril's hired men
Full ſoon to ſtop their breath :
Miles Forreſt and James Dighton both,
Theſe wicked cruel men,
Were made the inſtruments of blood,
To work the murther then.

Theſe princes lying in their bed,
Being ſweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
Or meaning any harm :
Theſe villians in their feathered-beds
Did wrap them up in haſte,
And with the cloaths did ſmother them,
Till life and breath was paſt.

But

But when they were so murdered,
Where laid no man did know:
But mark the judgment of the Lord
Did sharp revenge soon show.
Betwixt the dukes within short space,
Such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham to please the king,
Was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his kingly seat,
No rest nor ease could find,
The murder of his nephews did
So sore torment his mind;
He never could take quiet rest,
His life he still did fear;
His hand upon his dagger was,
And none might come him near.

At length the earl of Richmond came
With such a puissant hand,
That this usurping king was forc'd
In his defence to stand:
And meeting him in Bosworth field,
They fought with heart full fain,
But God (for shedding princes blood)
Caus'd Richard to be slain.

Then

Then being dead upon a horse,
Naked as he was born,
His flesh fore cut and mangled,
His hair all rent and torn,
And then earl Richmond worthily,
For this his deed of fame,
Of England he was crowned king,
Henry the seventh by name.

From whose most royal loins did spring
That famous king of might,
Henry the eighth, whose worthy deeds
Our chronicles recite:
Who dying left his land and crown
To Edward his sweet son:
Whose gracious reign all England ru'd,
His time so soon was run.

His sister Mary did succeed,
Next princess in this land,
But in her time blind ignorance
Against God's truth did stand:
Which caused many a martyr's blood
Be shed in rueful case;
But God did England's woes regard,
And turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other sister came,
Elizabeth, late queen;
And she reliev'd her subjects hearts
From grief and sorrow clean:
She spent her days in peace and joy,
And dy'd God's servant true,
And now enjoys a place in heaven,
Amongst the blessed crew.

Next her succeeding mighty James,
Likewise of Henry's race,
His majesty with royal right,
Deserves this worthy place;
Whose progeny God long preserve,
This kingdom for to sway,
And send all subjects loyal hearts,
Their sovereign to obey.

XXVI.

On the Sea Fight off Cape la Hogue in the year 1692.

The engagement which makes the subject of this very popular ballad, is very accurately described in the Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir John Dalrymple. See p. 205.

THURSDAY in the morn the ides of May,
 Recorded for ever the famous ninety two;
 Brave Russel did discern by dawn of day,
 The lofty sails of France advancing now:
 All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
 Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line,
 Let every hand supply his gun,
 Follow me, and you'll see,
 That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
 To meet the gallant Russel in combate on the deep;
 He led the noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English admiral at his feet:
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The bloody fight 's begun, the sea itself on fire;
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood all of blood,
 Fill'd the scup'r-holes of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur,

Sulphur, smoke and fire, disturb'd the air,
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallick shore;
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
 To see the lofty streamers now no more;
 At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led,
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
 Now death and horror equal reign,
 Now they cry, run or die,
 British colours rid the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd through rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate:
 For evermore adieu thou royal dazling Sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun;
 Enough thou mighty king of war,
 Now we sing blest the king,
 Let us drink to every English tar.

XXVII.

Admiral Vernon's answer to Admiral Hosier's Ghost.
Written in 1740. By John Price, a land-waiter in
the port of Poole.

In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. 2. p. 376, is inserted an admirable ballad, intituled, Hosier's Ghost, an Address to Admiral Vernon in Porto-Bello harbour; the production of Mr. Glover, author of Leonidas. "In April 1726, admiral Hosier was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the Spanish ports, but was restrained by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage. He continued cruizing in these seas, when seeing great numbers of his officers and men falling sacrifices to an unhealthy climate, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart."—The ballad concludes,

" O'er these waves for ever mourning,
" Shall we roam deprived of rest?
" If to Britain's shores returning,
" You neglect my sad request.
" After this proud foe subduing,
" When your patriot friends you see;
" Think on vengeance for my ruin,
" And for England sham'd in me."

HOSIER ! with indignant sorrow,
 I have heard thy mournful tale ;
 And, if heav'n permit, to-morrow
 Hence our warlike fleet shall sail.
 O'er these hostile waves, wide roaming,
 We will urge our bold design,
 With the blood of thousands foaming,
 For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow,
 Who now triumphs here with me,
 Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-Bello,
 All my thoughts were full of thee.
 Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me ;
 Fierce thy image glar'd on high,
 And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me,
 To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ships, descending,
 Thro' the flood, in firm array,
 To the destin'd city bending,
 My lov'd failors work'd their way.
 Strait the foe, with horror trembling,
 Quits in haste his batter'd walls ;
 And in accents, undissembling,
 As he flies, for mercy calls.

Carthagera, tow'ring wonder!

At the daring deed dismay'd,
Shall e'er-long by Britain's thunder,
Smoaking in the dust be laid.

Thou, and these pale spectres sweeping,
Restless, o'er this watry round,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
To thy injur'd ghost I swear,
By my hopes of future glory,
War shall be my constant care:
And I ne'er will cease pursuing,
Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England sham'd in thee.

XXVIII.

A song, by Paul Whitehead, Esq.

The following ballad was sung by Mr. Beard at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, in December, 1759, in the character of a recruiting serjeant. It may be considered as a poetical register of British successes in that war

“When Britain fought, and triumph'd o'er her foe,

“Where ever winds could waft, or waters flow.”

IN story we're told
 How our monarchs of old
 O'er France spread their royal domain ;
 But no annals can show
 Their pride laid so low,
 As when brave George the Second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek
 Let fame no more speak
 How their arms the old world did subdue ;
 Thro' the nations around
 Let our trumpets now sound
 How Britons have conquer'd the new.

East, west, north, and south,
 Our cannons' loud mouth
 Shall the right of our monarch maintain :
 On America's strand
 Amherst limits the land,
 Boscawen gives law on the main.

Each port and each town
We still make our own,
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
Guadaloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall
Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Though Conflans did boast
He'd conquer our coast,
Our thunder soon made monsieur mute;
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
Then pounc'd on his prey,
And gave him an English salute.

At Minden, you know,
How we conquer'd the foe,
While homeward their army now steals,
Though, they cry'd, British bands
Are too hard for our hands,
Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home
For laurels now roam,
Should the flat-bottom boats but appear,
Our militia shall shew
No wooden shoe foe
Can with freemen in battle compare.

Our fortunes and lives,
Our children and wives,
To defend is the time now or never;
Then let each voluntier
To the drum-head repair,
King George and Old England for ever.

XXIX.

The complaint and lamentation of Mistresse Arden of Feversham in Kent, who for the loue of one Mosbie, hired certaine ruffians and villaines most cruelly to murder her husband; with the fatall end of her and her associats.

This ballad is reprinted from an old black letter copy. The event upon which it is founded was a real fact which happened in the reign of Henry VIII. In the year 1599, a play was written on the subject, which was reprinted in 1630, and since in 1730, with a preface wherein the publisher offers some reasons to induce us to ascribe it to Shakespeare. A few years since, George Lillo, the author of George Barnwell and other dramatic pieces, made some alterations in it, and it was performed a single night at Drury Lane, with a prologue and epilogue, written, as we have been informed, by Dr. John Hoadley. For an account of the circumstances of the murder which occasioned both the play and ballad, see Hollingshead, and Jacob's History of Feversham.

AH me, vile wretch, that euer I was borne,
Making my selfe unto the world a scorne:
And to my friends and kindred all a shame,
Blotting their blood by my unhappy name.

Unto a gentleman of wealth and fame,
(One master Arden, he was call'd by name)
I wedded was with ioy and great content,
Liuing at Feuersham in famous Kent.

In loue we liu'd, and great tranquillity,
Until I came in Mosbie's company,
Whose sugred tongue, good shape, and louely looke,
Soone won my heart, and Arden's loue forfooke.

And liuing thus in foule adultery,
Bred in my husband cause of iealousie,
And lest the world our actions should bewray,
Wee did consent to take his life away.

To London faire my husband was to ride,
But ere he went I poyson did prouide,
Got of a painter which I promised
That Mosbie's sister Susan he should wed.

Into his broth I then did put the same,
He lik't it not when to the board it came,
Saying, There's something in it is not found,
At which inrag'd, I flung it on the ground,

Yet

Yet ere he went, his man I did coniure,
Ere they came home, to make his master sure,
And murder him, and for his faith and paine,
Sufan, and store of gold that he should gaine.

Yet I misdoubting Michael's constancy,
Knowing a neighbour that was dwelling by,
Which to my husband bore no great good will,
Sought to incense him his deare blood to spill.

His name was Greene; O master Greene (quoth I)
My husband to you hath done iniury,
For which I sorry am with all my heart,
And how he wrongeth me I will impart.

He keepes abroad most wicked company,
With whores and queanes, and bad society:
When he comes home, he beats me sides and head,
That I do wish that one of us were dead.

And now to London he is rid to roare,
I would that I might never see him more:
Greene then incenst, did vow to be my friend,
And of his life he soon would make an end.

O master Greene, said I, the danger's great,
You must be circumspect to doe this feat;
To act the deed your selfe there is no need,
But hire some villaines, they will doe the deed.

Ten pounds Ile giue them to attempt this thing,
And twenty more when certaine newes they bring,
That he is dead, besides Ile be your friend,
In honest courtesie till life doth end.

Greene vow'd to doe it; then away he went,
And met two villaines that did use in Kent,
To rob and murder upon Shooter's hill,
The one call'd Shakebag, t'other nam'd Black Will.

Two such like villaines hell did never hatch,
For twenty angels they made vp the match,
And forty more when they had done the deed,
Which made them sweare, they'd do it with al speed.

Then up to London presently they hye,
Where master Arden in Paul's church they spy,
And waiting for his coming forth that night,
By a strange chance of him they then lost fight.

For where these villaines stood and made their stop,
A prentice he was shutting vp his shop,
The window falling light on Black Will's head,
And broke it foundly, that apace it bled.

Where straight he made a brabble and a coyle,
And my sweet Arden he past by the while;
They missing him, another plot did lay,
And meeting Michael, thus to him they say:

Thou

Thou knowst that we must packe thy master hence,
Therefore consent and further our pretence,
At night when as your master goes to bed,
Leaue ope the doores, he shall be murdered.

And so he did, yet Arden could not sleepe,
Strange dreames and visions in his senses creepe,
He dreamt the doores were ope, and villaines came,
To murder him, and 'twas the very same.

The S E C O N D P A R T.

H E rose and shut the doore, his man he blames,
Which cunningly he strait this answer frames,
I was so sleepey that I did forget,
To locke the doores, I pray you pardon it.

Next day these ruffians met this man againe,
Who the whole story to them did explaine,
My master will in towne no longer stay,
To morrow you may meete him on the way.

Next day his businesse being finished,
He did take horse, and homeward then he rid,
And as he rid, it was his hap as then,
To ouertake lord Cheiney and his men,

With

With salutations they each other greet,
I am full glad your honour for to meet,
Arden did say; then did the lord reply,
Sir, I am glad of your good company.

And being that we homeward are to ride,
I haue a suite that must not be denide,
That at my house youle sup and lodge also,
To Feuerham this night you must not goe.

Then Arden answered with this courteous speech,
Your honour's pardon now I doe beseech,
I made a vowe, if God did giue me life,
To sup and lodge with Alice my louing wife.

Well, said my lord, your oath hath got the day,
To morrow come and dine with me, I pray,
He wait upon your honour then (said he)
And safe he went amongst this company.

On Raymon Downe, as they did passe this way,
Black Will and Shakebag they in ambush lay,
But durst not touch him, cause of the great traine,
That my lord had: thus were they crost againe.

With horrid oaths these ruffians gan to sweare,
They stampe and curst, and tore their locks of haire,
Saying, some angel surely him did keepe,
Yet vow'd to murder him ere they did sleepe.

Now

Now all this while my husband was away,
Mosby and I did reuel night and day;
And Susan, which my waiting-maiden was,
My loues owne sister, knew how all did passe.

But when I saw my Arden was not dead,
Iwelcom'd him, but with a heavy head:
To bed he went, and slept secure from harmes,
But I did wish my Mosby in my armes.

Yet ere he slept, he told me he must goe
To dinner to my lord's, hee'd haue it so;
And that same night Black Will did send me word,
What lucke bad fortune did to them afford.

I sent him word, that he next day would dine
At the lord Cheinies, and would rise betime,
And on the way their purpose might fulfill,
Well Ile reward you, when that you him kill.

Next morne betimes, before the breake of day,
To take him napping then they took their way;
But such a mist and fog there did arise,
They could not see although they had foure eyes.

Thus Arden scap'd these villaines where they lay,
And yet they heard his horse goe by that way,
I thinke (said Will) some spirit is his friend,
Come life or death, I vow to see his end.

Then

Then to my house they strait did take their way,
Telling me how they missed of their prey;
Then presently we did together gree,
At night at home that he should murdered be.

Mosby and I, and all, our plot thus lay,
That he at tables should with Arden play,
Black Will and Sakebag they themselves should hide,
Until that Mosby he a watch-word cride.

The word was this whereon we did agree,
Now (master Arden) I haue taken ye:
Woe to that word, and woe unto us all,
Which bred confusion and our sudden fall.

When he came home, most welcome him I made,
And Iudas like, I kist whom I betraide,
Mosby and he together went to play,
For I on purpose did the tables lay.

And as they plaid the word was straightway spoke,
Blacke Will and Sakebag out the corner broke,
And with a towell backwards pul'd him downe,
Which made me think they now my ioyes did crowne.

With swords and knives they stabb'd him to the heart,
Mosby and I did likewise act our part,
And then his body straight we did conuey
Behind the abbey in the field he lay.

And

And then by justice we were straight condemn'd,
Each of us came vnto a shamelesse end,
For God our secret dealings soone did spy,
And brought to light our shamefull villainy.

Thus have you heard of Arden's tragedy,
It rests to show you how the rest did die :
His wife at Canterbury she was burnt,
And all her flesh and bones to ashes turn'd.

Mosby and his fair sister they were brought
To London for the trespasse they had wrought,
In Smithfield on a gibbet they did die,
A iust reward for all their villainie.

Michael and Bradshaw, which a goldsmith was,
That knew of letters which from them did passe,
At Feuersham were hanged both in chaines,
And well rewarded for their faithfull paines.

The painter fled none knowes how he did speed,
Shakebag in Southwark he to death did bleed,
For as he thought to scape and run away,
He suddenly was murdered in a fray.

In Kent at Osbridge Greene did suffer death,
Hang'd on a gibbet he did lose his breath :
Blacke Will at Flushing on a stage did burne,
Thus each one came unto his end by turne.

And

And thus my story I conclude and end,
Praying the Lord that he his grace will send
Upon us all, and keep us all from ill.
Amen say all, if't be thy blessed will.

XXX.

The lamentable song of the lord Wigmore, governour
of Warwick-castle, and the fair maid of Dunsmore.

IN Warwickshire there stands a down,
And Dunsmore-heath it hath to name,
Adjoining to a country town,
Made famous by a maiden's name :

Fair Isabel she named was,
A shepherd's daughter, as some say ;
To Wigmore's ears her fame did pass,
As he in Warwick-castle lay.

Poor love-sick lord immediately
Upon her fame set his delight ;
And thought much pleasure sure did lye
Possessing of so fair a wight.

There-

Therefore to Dunsmore did prepair,
To recreate his sickly mind;
Where in a summer's evening fair,
His chance was Isabel to find.

She sat amidst a meadow green,
Most richly spread with smelling flowers,
And by a river she was seen
To spend away some evening hours.

There laid this maiden all alone,
Washing her feet in secret wise,
Which virgin fair to look upon
Did much delight his loving eyes.

She thinking not to be espy'd,
Had laid from her her country tire;
The tresses of her hair unty'd,
Hung glistering like the golden wire.

And as the flakes of winter snow,
That lye unmelted on the plains,
So white her body was in show;
Like silver springs did run her veins.

He, ravisht with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
That never thought they had their fill.

She

She blinded their affections so,
That reason's rules were led away ;
And love the coals of lust did blow,
Which to a fire flamed high.

And though he knew the fin was great,
It burned so within his breast,
With such a vehement scorching heat,
That none but she could lend him rest.

Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in lust,
By liking of this dainty dame ;
He call'd a servant of great trust,
Inquiring straight what was her name.

She is, quoth he, no married wife,
But a shepherd's daughter as you see,
And with her father leads her life,
Whose dwellings by these pastures be ;

Her name is Isabel the fair,
Then stay, quoth he, and speak no more,
But to my castle straight her bear,
Her sight hath wounded me full fore.

Thus to lord Wigmore she was brought,
Who with delight his fancies fed,
And through his suit such means he wrought,
That he entic'd her to his bed.

This

This being done, incontinent
She did return from whence she came,
And every day she did invent
To cover her received shame.

But e'er three months were fully past,
Her crime committed plain appears;
Unto lord Wigmore then in haste
She long complain'd with weeping tears.

Lord Wigmore, thus I have defil'd
And spotted my pure virgin's bed;
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,
To which vile folly you me led.

For now this deed that I have wrought
Throughout the country well is known,
And to my woful parents brought,
Who now for me do make great moan.

How shall I look them in the face,
When they my shameless self shall see?
O cursed Eve, I feel thy case,
When thou hadst tasted of the tree.

Thou hidst thyself, and so must I,
But God thy trespass quickly found;
No dark may hide me from God's eye,
But leave my shame still to abound.

Wide open are mine eyes to look
 Upon my sad and heavy sin :
 And quite unclasped is the book,
 Where my accounts are written in.

This sin of mine deserveth death,
 But judge lord Wigmore I am she,
 For I have trod a strumpet's path,
 And for the same I needs must die.

Bespotted with reproachful shame
 To ages following shall I be,
 And in records be writ my blame ;
 Lord Wigmore this is long of thee.

Lord Wigmore, prostrate at thy feet,
 I crave my just deserved doom,
 That death may cut off from the root
 This body, blossom, branch and bloom.

Let modesty, accurse this crime,
 Let love and law, and nature speak,
 Was ever any wretch yet seen
 That in one instant all did break ?

Then Wigmore justice on me shew,
 For thus consenting to the act,
 Give me my death, for that is due
 To such as sin in such a fact.

O that

O that the womb had been my grave,
Or I had perish'd in my birth,
O that same day may darknes have,
Wherein I first drew vital breath.

Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the sun upon it shine,
Let misty darknes on it fall,
For to make known this sin of mine.

The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurst with mournful cries,
Let twinkling stars from sky bereav'd,
And clouds of darknes thereon rise.

Because they shut not up their powers,
That gave the passage to my life.
Come sorrow, finish up my hours,
And let my time here end with grief.

And having made this woful moan,
A knife she snatched from her side;
Lucretia's part was rightly shown,
For with the same fair Isabel dy'd.

Whereat lord Wigmore grieved fore,
A heart repenting his amiss,
And after would attempt no more
To crop the flower of maidens bliss;

But lived long in woful wife,
 Till death did finish up his days,
 And now in Isabel's grave he lyes,
 Till judgement comes them both to raife.

XXXI.

H E N G I S T A N D M E Y :

Written by William Julius Mickle, author of Sir Martyn, an excellent imitation of Spencer, a translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, and several other pieces; the merit of which are too well known to require any eulogium.

IN ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,
 Sir Elmer had no peer !
 And no young knight in all the land
 The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
 Of all the virgin train,
 Won every heart at Arthur's court,
 But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
 Her heart they could not move :
 Yet at the evening hour of prayer
 Her mind was lost in love.

The

The abbesss saw, the abbesss knew,
 And urg'd her to explain ;
 O name the gentle youth to me,
 And his consent I'll gain.

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
 His name how can I say ?
 An angel from the fields above
 Has rapt my heart away.

But once, alas, and never more,
 His lovely form I spied,
 One evening by the founding shore,
 All by the greenwood side :

His eyes to mine the love confest,
 That glow'd with mildest grace :
 His courtly mein and purple vest
 Bespoke his princely race.

But when he heard my brother's horn
 Fast to his ships he fled :
 Yet while I sleep his graceful form
 Still hovers round my bed.

Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
 He shakes a warlike lance ;
 And now in courtly garments dight,
 He leads the sprightly dance.

His hair is black as raven's wing,
His skin as Christmas snow,
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow.

His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
By nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
To love and to command.

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopelefs pining love:
But when the balmy spring return'd,
And summer cloath'd the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber side
The Saxon banners flew,
And to fir Elmer's castle gates
The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn when Mey look'd o'er
The castle-wall so sheen;
And, lo, the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obey'd his manly glance.

His

His locks as black as raven's wing
Adown his shoulders flow'd,
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes :
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs,

Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the seas,
And come with peace or war ;
Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
Relieve thy lover's care !

For thee I'll quit my father's throne,
With thee the wilds explore ;
Or with thee share the British crown,
With thee the cross adore.

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows :
So blushing thro' the dews of morn
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard king Arthur's horn
Shrill founding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright
That veil'd her snowy breast,
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
Have fixt on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd across the plain,
Till with his gallant yeomandrie
He join'd king Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts and clang of arms
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, drest in Odin's garb,
Assum'd the hoary god ;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain ;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew
Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The flighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire,
And all his martial heat before
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front
With whirlwind speed he prest,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Refounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head, slow dropt his spear,
The reins slipt through his hand,
And, stain'd with blood, his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

O bear me off, sir Elmer cried,
Before my painful fight
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
I claim as victor's right.

Brave

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled.
The bowmen to the castle gates
The bold fir Elmer led.

Oh wash my wounds, my sister dear,
O pull this Saxon dart,
That whizzing from young Hengist's arm
Has almost pierc'd my heart.

Yet in my hall his vest shall hang,
And Britons yet unborn
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their solemn feasts adorn.

All-trembling Mey beheld the vest;
Oh, Merlin, loud she cried,
Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love
Shall have a breathless bride!

Oh, Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
That low my Hengist lies!
O, Hengist, cruel was thine arm;
My brother bleeds and dies!

She spake—the roses left her cheek,
And life's warm spirits fled:
So nipt by winter's lingering blasts,
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
 She lifts her languid eyes;
 Return, my Hengist, oh return,
 My slaughter'd love!" she cries.

Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
 With all his grace he moves:
 I come—I come, where bow nor spear
 Shall more disturb our loves.—

She spake—she died. The Saxon dart
 Was drawn from Elmer's side;
 And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,
 And thrice he groan'd, and di'd.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross
 O'er shades an aged thorn,
 Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
 Were by the spearmen borne,

And there all clad in robes of white,
 With many a sigh and tear,
 The village maids to Hengist's grave
 Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there at dawn and fall of day,
 All from the neighbouring groves,
 The turtles wail in widow'd notes,
 And sing their hapless loves.

XXXII.

Sir J A M E S the R O S S,

*Is reprinted from a copy lately published in Scotland, and
declared to have been written many years ago.*

OF all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of his high warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir
That crowns the mountain's brow,
And waving o'er his shoulders broad
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
'Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rair,
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confests'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At last she blest'd his well try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapprov'd,
And bade her wed fir John the Graham,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

Ae night they met as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where on the bank beside the burn,
A blooming faugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of fir John the Graham,
To hear what they would say.

When

When thus the maid began :—My fire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed fir John the Graham,
So here must end our loves !

My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand ;
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall blefs thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd ;
But may that happiness be thine
Which I can never taste.

What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ?
Sir James the Rofs reply'd,
And will Matilda wed the Graham,
Tho' sworn to be my bride ?

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms !
Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd within her arms.

I spake to try thy love, she said,
I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;
The grave shall be my bridal bed,
'Ere Graham my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss
 In witness of my troth,
 And every plague become my lot,
 That day I break my oath.

They parted thus: the sun was set,
 Up hasty Donald flies,
 And turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,
 He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
 And soon his sword he drew,
 For Donald's blade before his breast
 Had pierc'd his tartans through.

This for my brother's flighted love,
 His wrongs sit on my arm:
 Three paces back the youth retir'd,
 And sav'd himself frae harm.

Returning swift, his hand he rear'd
 Frae Donald's head above,
 And thro' the brains and crashing bones
 His sharp edg'd weapon drove.

He stagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
 A lump of breathless clay;
 So fall my foes! quoth valiant Ross,
 And stately strode away.

Thro'

Thro' the green wood he quickly hy'd,
Unto lord Buchan's hall,
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, Matilda dear !
Awake, my love, awake ;
Thy luckless lover calls on thee,
A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on my sword ;
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the isles
To combat on my side.

O, do not so ! the maid replies,
With me till morning stay,
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous is the way :

All night I'll watch you in the park,
My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Rofs's clan
Their master to defend.

Beneath

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lowly glen
He met the furious sir John Graham,
With twenty of his men.

Where go'st thou, little page? he said;
So late who did thee send?
I go to raise the Rofs's clan
Their master to defend,

For he has slain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on his sword,
And far, far distant are his men,
That should assist their lord.

And has he slain my brother dear?
The furious Graham replies,
Dishonour blast my name! but he
By me 'ere morning dies.

Tell me, where is sir James the Rofs?
I will thee well reward;
He sleeps within lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard.

They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,
 And scour'd along the lea,
 They reach'd lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
 By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,
 To whom thus Graham did say;
 Saw ye Sir James the Rofs last night,
 Or did he pass this way?

Last day at noon, Matilda said,
 Sir James the Rofs pass'd by,
 He furious prick'd his sweaty steed,
 And onward fast did hy.

By this he is at Edinburgh cross,
 If horse and man hold good—
 Your page then ly'd, who said he was
 Now sleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
 Brave Rofs! thou art betray'd,
 And ruin'd by those very means
 From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
 The virgin's shriek he heard;
 And up he rose, and drew his sword,
 When the fierce band appear'd.

Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine,
But 'ere the setting of the sun
Your blood shall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man;
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden field,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight;
But Graham gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might,

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graham,
And pierc'd him in the side,
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Graham like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay,
And down beside him sunk the Rofs,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall,
O spare his life! she cried,
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be deny'd.

Her well known voice the hero heard,
He rais'd his half-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest deny'd;
My race is run!—Adieu my love!
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The sword yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew;
I come, Sir James the Rofs, she cried,
I come to follow you.

She

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
And bar'd her snowy breast,
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.

XXXIII.

C O L M A.

This poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feast, provided by king or chief, repeated their poems; and such of them as were thought by him worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity. It was one of those occasions that afforded the subject of the present poem to Ossian. It is called in the original, the Song of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the translation.

'TIS night: and on the hill of storms
Alone doth Colma stray;
While round her shriek fantastic forms
Of ghosts that hate the day.

O'er rocks the torrent roars amain,
The whirlwind's voice is high:
To save her from the wind and rain,
No friendly shelter nigh!

Rise, moon! kind stars! appear a while;
And guide me to the place,
Where rests my love, o'ercome with toil,
And wearied with the chace.

Some light! direct me, helpless maid!
Where, sitting on the ground,
His bow unstrung is near him laid,
His panting dogs around.

Else by the rock, the stream beside,
I here must sit me down;
While howls the wind, and roars the tide,
My lover's call to drown.

Ah! why, my Salgar! this delay,
Where stray thy ling'ring feet?
Didst thou not promise in the day
Thy love at night to meet?

Here is the rock, and here the tree,
Thine own appointed spot;
Thy promise canst thou break with me?
And is my love forgot?

For thee I'd dare my brother's pride;
My father's house would fly,
For thee forsake my mother's side;
With thee to live and die.

Be hush'd, ye winds! how loud ye brawl!
Stream! stand a moment still;
Perhaps my love may hear me call,
Upon the neighbouring hill.

Ho! Salgar! Salgar! mend thy pace;
To Colma haste away.
'Tis I, and this th' appointed place:
Ah! wherefore this delay?

Kind moon! thou giv'st a friendly light;
And lo! the glassy stream,
And the grey rocks, through dusky night,
Reflect thy silver beam.

Yet I descry not Salgar's form;
No dogs before him run.—
Shall I not perish by the storm,
Before to-morrow's sun?

But what behold I, on the heath?
My love! my brother! laid—
O speak, my friends! nor hold your breath,
T' affright a trembling maid.

They answer not—they sleep—they're dead—
Alas! the horrid fight—
Here lie their angry swords, still red,
And bleeding from the fight.

Ah! wherefore lies, by Salgar slain,
 My brother bleeding here?
 Why Salgar murder'd on the plain,
 By one to me so near?

Friends of my choice! how lov'd were both!
 Who now your fame shall raise?
 Who sing my lover's plighted troth;
 My brother's song of praise?

Of thousands lovely, Salgar's face
 Was loveliest to the sight:
 Renown'd my brother for the chace,
 And terrible in fight.

Sons of my love! speak once again——
 Ah no!——to death a prey,
 Silent they are, and must remain;
 For cold their breasts of clay.

But are their fleeting spirits fled,
 Across the plain so soon!
 Or shun the shadows of the dead
 The glympses of the moon?

Speak, where on rock, or mountain grave,
 Still clash your souls of fire,
 Or reconcil'd, in some dark cave
 Your peaceful ghosts retire.

Ah!

Ah! where her friends shall Colma find?

Hark——No——they're silent still——
No muttering answer brings the wind;
No whisper o'er the hill,

Fearless, yet overwhelm'd with grief,
I sit all night in tears;
Hopeless of comfort or relief,
When morning light appears.

Yet raise, ye friends of these, the dead;
On this sad spot their tomb;
But close not up their narrow bed,
Till hapless Colma come.

For why behind them should we stay,
Whose life is now a dream?
Together here our corse lay,
Beside the murmuring stream.

So shall my shivering ghost be seen,
Lamenting o'er the slain;
As homeward hies the hunter keen,
Benighted on the plain.

Yet shall he, fearless, pass along,
And lend his listening ear:
For sweet, though sad, shall be my song,
For friends I lov'd so dear.

XXXIV.

NATHOS AND DARTHULA,

By J. TAIT.

The hint of this poem (attempted in the ballad stile) is taken from one of the lesser poems of Ossian.

ON Morven's hills, where valour rose
The prudence of the foil,
The youthful Nathos, dread of foes,
Enjoyed the martial toil.

Great in the field, his fiery spear
Commanded prompt regard;
In days of peace the sprightly chear,
With social soul he shar'd.

Impartial heroes prais'd his truth,
Approv'd his growing fame,
The artless virgins lov'd the youth,
And nurs'd the am'rous flame.

But

But chief for fair Dearthula's charms
His feeling bosom beat ;
For her he bore the toil of arms,
And mock'd the battle's heat.

With ev'ry grace the virgin shone
Unrival'd on the plain—
What wonder if the youth was won,
And hugg'd the pleasing chain !

In calm content they pass'd the day,
When war had ceas'd to rage,
Now told the laughing story gay,
Now heard the tale of age.

But Cairbar, Erin's bloody king,
Beheld with envious eyes ;
He bad the hostile clangour ring,
And num'rous armies rise.

The gallant Nathos heard the sound
That threaten'd dreadful woe ;
He call'd his warlike chiefs around,
And, pointing to the foe,

Behold, he cried, the hostile crew
That come to try our might,
In endless lines they rise to view,
And tire the burden'd fight ;

But

But shall their numbers damp our fire?

Shall Morven's heroes yield?

Shall we forego each great desire,

And tamely quit the field?

No—like our fathers let us rise,

Like them rush furious on;

Haste, let us snatch the glorious prize

Of conquest fairly won.

His words inflam'd each warrior's soul,

Their breasts with transport glow'd,

A loud applause run thro' the whole,

By dauntless hearts bestow'd.

Darthula saw the morning scene,

Her griefs were mix'd with joy,

She could not leave the best of men,

Nor warlike schemes annoy.

For well she knew the clash of swords

Was grateful to his ear;

Yet love's delusive parting words

Might touch his heart too near.

In pensive posture long she stood,

Revolving in her mind,

Whether to join the godlike crowd,

Or lonely pine behind.

At

At last she burst the martial ranks,
 Array'd in warlike pride ;
 Swift as a stream that scorns its banks,
 They parted on each side.

Low at her Nathos' feet she fell,
 And must we part ? she said ;
 Must you the hostile crew expel,
 And leave your helpless maid ?

But glory calls, and valour sues,
 Haste then, the call obey ;
 Tho' fond regard my heart subdues,
 I ne'er shall ask your stay.

But can I live when you are gone,
 On Morven's lonely plain ?
 Shall I possess the halls alone,
 And sing the mournful strain ?

No—like a youth of mighty force,
 I'll follow where you go ;
 With willing heart pursue your course,
 Nor heed the num'rous foe.

If prayers or tears the fates can move,
 Success shall smile around ;
 If Nathos fall, Darthula's love
 Shall watch the fatal wound.

With

With mute attention Nathos heard
Darthula's fond request;
Her love the dreadful prospect chear'd,
And warm'd the hero's breast.

Yes, you shall go, my faithful fair,
To horror's fav'rite scene;
If you are near, I'll mock despair,
And scorn the might of men.

With rapid haste the field they fought
Where Erin's monarch lay;
With fatal force the armies fought,
And Nathos fell a prey.

The sad Dartthula's care was vain,
In vain was ev'ry art;
No earthly pow'r could ease his pain,
Or heal his bleeding heart.

As o'er his wounds Dartthula wept,
And bath'd them with a tear,
The breast plate from her bosom leapt,
She tofs'd away the spear.

Grim Erin's monarch seiz'd the spoil
With triumph's cruel joy;
He view'd the nymph with scornful smile,
Ambitious to destroy.

With haughty words he fought her love,
 So oft refus'd before;
 With threaten'd woe he tried to move,
 But she disdainful bore.

Since Nathos falls, with him I'll die,
 No other boon I crave;
 Since life can nought of bliss supply,
 I'll court his silent grave.

There shall the constant lovers meet,
 And all their passion tell,
 Shall strow with shrubs and flow'rets sweet
 His tomb, who lov'd so well.

But see! his shade delays its flight,
 And chides my tedious stay:
 I come, my love!—my sole delight!
 She spoke—and dy'd away.

XXXV.

CHILDE WATERS.

This ballad which appears to be ancient, and the following one on the same subject, by Mrs. Hampden Pye, are printed from a collection of poems published by that lady in the year 1771.

CHILDE Waters in his stable stooode,
 And stroakt his milk-white steede,
 To him a fayre yonge lady came,
 As ever ware woman's weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters,
 Sayes, Christ you save, and see;
 My girdle of gold that was too longe,
 Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
 I feel sturre at my side:
 My gowne of greene it is too straighte,
 Before it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, fair Ellen, he said,
Be mine as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your own to bee.

If the childe me mine, fair Ellen, he said,
Be mine as you doe sweare;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Shee fayer, I had rather have one kisse,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wold have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and fouth.

And I had rather have one twinklinge,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Than I wold have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ride,
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must goe with mee.

Though I am not a lady fayre,
Yet let me go with thee,
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you my foot-page will be, Ellen,
As you do tell to mee :
Then you must cut your gown of greene,
An inch above your knee.

Soe must you do your yellow locks,
An inch above your ee :
You must tell no man what is my name,
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his fyde ;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde ?

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote throw the broome ;
Yet was he never so courteous a knighte,
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
Why do you ryde so fast ?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My bodye it will braft.

Hee sayth, seeft thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from bank to brimme ?
I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see me swymme.

But

But when she came to the water fyde,
 Shee fayled to the chinne :
 Now the Lord of Heaven be my speede,
 For I must learn to fwymme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes,
 Our lady bare up her chinne :
 Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
 To see fayre Ellen fwymme.

And when shee over the water was,
 Shee then came to his knee :
 Hee sayd, come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
 Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen :
 Of red gold shines the yate :
 Of twenty-foure fayre ladyes there,
 The fayrest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
 Of red gold shines the towre :
 There are twenty-foure ladyes there ;
 The fayrest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
 Of red gold shines the yate ;
 God give you joy nowe of yourselfe,
 And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayrest lady there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the cheffe;
And Ellen, the fayrest lady there,
Must bring his horse to grasse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sifter;
These were the wordes sayd shee;
You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is so bigge,
His girdle stands foe hye:
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That weares so rich attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fire.

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He sayd, come hither my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
Hyre in mine arms to sleepe:
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For * fling of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest lady that she colde finde,
She hyried in his armes to sleepe:
And took her up in her armes twaine,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you now, good Childe Waters,
Let mee lye at your feete;
For there is noe place about this house,
Where I may saye a sleepe.

* i. e. Defiling.

He gave her leave, and fayre Ellen
Down at his bed's feete laye :
This done, the night drove on apace ;
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, rise up my little foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye ;
And give him now the goode black oats,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellen,
And gave his steede corne and haye ;
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane ;
Shee lean'd her back to the manger side,
And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woefull woe ;
Shee sayd, rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe :

For in thy stable is a ghosfe,
That grievouslye doth grone ;
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
Shee is so woe begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of filke;
And then he put on his othere clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That hee might heare his fayre Ellen,
How she made her monand.

Shee sayd, lullabye, mine owne deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, deare;
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee sayd, good fayre Ellen,
Bee of goode cheere, I praye;
And the bridall, and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

XXXVI.

E A R L W A L T E R.

E A R L Walter stroked his milk-white steed,
 His heart with courage beat;
 When lo! a damsel—matchless fair!
 Fell prostrate at his feet.

Behold, she cried, a ruined maid,
 The victim of thy love,
 And let thy Ellen's once-praised form,
 Thy tender pity move.

The dreadful time draws on apace,
 That must reveal my shame,
 And can earl Walter then consent,
 To murder Ellen's fame?

Ah! wretched infant, doomed to woe
 Before thy natal hour,
 Disgrace must be thy portion here,
 Wronged Ellen's only dower,

The

The gallant youth was inly moved,
But coldly thus replied,
The cure that love perhaps disclaims,
My justice shall provide.

From north to south extended wide,
With fields and pastures fair,
Those plains to thee I freely give;
Bestow them on thy heir.

By me, she cried, more highly prized,
One kiss of that dear mouth,
Than all thy rich and fertile plains,
Extending north and south.

One glance of those deluding eyes
More rapture can bestow,
Than should our monarch quit his throne,
And that to me forego.

No more, fair Ellen, cries the earl,
I can no longer stay;
For northward must I bend my course,
There lies my destin'd way.

With thee, earl Walter, let me go,
Thy handmaid will I be;
All perils I with joy can brave,
That much loved face to see.

Rash Ellen ! dost thou know the terms,
On which alone thou goest ?
To drop each soft alluring grace,
Thy sex's pride and boast.

Those auburn locks to cut away,
To cast thy woman's weed ;
All day to follow as my page,
All night to tend my steed.

Her auburn locks she cut away,
She cast her woman's weed,
All day she followed as his page,
Each night she fed his steed.

At length a rapid stream they find ;
Which when earl Walter viewed,
Thou can'st not, Ellen, follow here—
He spoke, and passed the flood.

But love, than danger stronger far,
Her timid heart upbore ;
She rush'd at once amid the waves,
And reached the farther shore.

But still the earl his purpose kept,
No pity he confest,
Tho' strong fatigue and anxious care
The damsel fore oppress.

Thy languid eyelids, Ellen, raise,
And view yon princely bower ;
There pleasure holds his revel reign,
And marks each passing hour.

There dwells a maid more fair than morn,
Than summer suns more bright ;
That maiden is my plighted love,
My joy and sole delight.

Sad Ellen mildly answered thus,
May every bliss betide,
And still encreasing rapture wait
Earl Walter and his bride !

The princely bower they enter soon,
And hail the glittering train ;
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

His sister with superior grace
Shone far above the rest,
Who when she Ellen's form surveyed,
Her wonder thus exprest.

Ah ! whence, my brother, is thy page ?
How heavenly fair his face !
What pity that his size uncouth
Such beauty should disgrace.

But

But let the boy on me attend,
In my apartment wait ;
My care shall footh his gentle mind,
And mend his present state.

Too great for him, that honor were,
A youth of low degree,
Enough distinguished as my page,
On foot to follow me.

Now midnight closing every eye,
Left Ellen free to weep,
But with the morn the earl arofe,
And broke the bands of fleep.

Awake ! awake ! thou flothful page,
'Tis dawn of breaking day,
Bring forth in hafte my milk-white fteed,
I muft from hence away.

But ere her lord could be obey'd,
Uncall'd Lucina came,
And to fad Ellen's other woes,
She adds a mother's name.

Now burft their way the heart-felt groans
Now falls the trickling tear,
Till thro' the high refounding dome,
They reach earl Walter's ear.

With

With eager steps he fought the place,
Then made a fearful pause,
While broken accents breathed in sighs,
Reveal the fatal cause.

Lie still, thou pledge of hapless love,
Lie still, my infant dear;
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother on a bier!

Enough had now the lover heard,
He clasps her in his arms,
Look up my mistress, friend, and wife,
Revive thy drooping charms.

Thy trial now is fairly past,
Thou first of woman kind;
Thy form, tho' cast in beauty's mould,
Enshrines a hero's mind.

And dost thou know at length my heart?
Then have I well been tried;
I only lived to prove my faith:—
She grasped his hand, and died.

XXXVII.

EDWIN AND ETHELENDE.

ONE parting kifs, my Ethelende,
Young Edwin fault'ring cried,
I hear thy father's hasty tread,
Nor longer must I bide.

To-morrow's eve, in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say, wilt thou meet thine own true love,
Whose heart's delight's in thee.

She clasp'd the dear beloved youth
And figh'd, and dropt a tear,
Whate'er betide, my only love
I'll surely meet thee there.

They kifs, they part, a list'ning page,
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage distain'd his cheek,
Heavens! shall a vassal shepherd dare
My daughter's love to seek.

But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt
Full forely shalt thou rue:
Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view.

The dewes of evening fast did fall,
And darkness spread apace,
When Ethelinde, with weeping breast,
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye she looks around,
No Edwin there was seen;
He was not wont to break his faith,
What can his absence mean?

Her heart beat thick at every noise,
Each rustling thro' the wood,
And now, she travers'd quick the ground,
And now, she listening stood.

Enlivening hope, and chilling fear,
By turns her bosom share.
And now, she calls upon his name,
Now, weeps in sad despair.

Mean time, the day's last glimmering fled,
And black'ning all the sky,
A hideous tempest dreadful rose,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde, aghast, dismay'd,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat'ning sky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

Where art thou now, my Edwin dear,
Thy friendly aid I want;
Ah me! my boding heart foretells
That aid thou canst not grant.

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with storms,
Confus'd and lost she roves,
Now looks to heaven with earnest prayer
Now calls on him she loves.

At length, a distant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her sight,
Thro' brakes she guides her fainting steps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this sequester'd wild,
Calm goodness sat upon his brow,
His words were soft and mild.

He

He op'd his hospitable door,
And much admiring view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form
Dash'd by the tempest rude.

Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
To this warm shelter'd cell;
Here rest secure thy wearied feet;
Here peace and safety dwell.

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,
And gently sought to know,
With kindest pity's soothing looks,
The story of her woe.

Scarce had she told her mournful tale,
When struck with dread, they hear
Voices confus'd, with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

Help, father, help, they loudly cry,
A wretch here bleeds to death,
Some cordial balsam quickly give,
To stay his parting breath.

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gash'd with many a wound,
When, woeful sight, 'twas Edwin's self,
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantick grief poor Ethelinde
Beside his body falls.

Lift up thy eyes, my Edwin dear,
'Tis Ethelinde that calls.

That much-lov'd found recalls his life,

He lifts his closing eyes,
And feebly murmuring out her name,
He gasps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb despair,

She gaz'd on Edwin dead,
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm spirit fled.

XXXVIII.

D A M O N A N D C H L O E.

In imitation of Margaret's Ghost.

YOUNG Damon was the blytheft lad,
Ah, who so blythe as he?

And Chloe was the blytheft maid,

Ah, who so blythe as she?

Her

Her voice she rais'd with merry song,
 All in the greenwood shade,
 The nymphs and shepherds trip along,
 To hear the vocal maid.

She sings of grots, and cooling springs,
 The plain and shady grove;
 Of hills and dales the virgin sings,
 But never sings of love.

Her nights in ease, her days in joy,
 She spends; secure her heart,
 From Cupid's wiles; she scorn'd the boy,
 And laugh'd at all his art.

But mark the dire reverse of fate,
 Each nymph, and shepherd swain,
 Young Damon comes, a youth compleat,
 The pride of ev'ry plain.

And he would sing so soft a lay,
 He well might love inspire;
 And when he sung, ah, well-a-day!
 How would the maid admire!

And he was straight, and he was tall,
 All swains he did excel;
 The maidens lov'd him one and all,
 But Chloe lov'd him well.

And he was skill'd in herbs and flow'rs,
The lenient balms impart;
But oh, what herbs, ye pitying pow'rs,
Can heal poor Chloe's heart.

With hasty step she flies the plain,
And seeks the distant grove;
Poor Chloe never told her pain,
She never told her love.

But pin'd away in discontent,
And never sought relief;
Like Patience on a monument,
She sat and smil'd at grief.

Concealment like a worm i' th' bud,
Fed on her damask cheek;
The silent tear ran trickling down,
She sigh'd, but would not speak.

But soon, too soon the shepherd hies;
Ah! me, poor Chloe's heart!
Her swelling breast, and wat'ry eyes,
Betray the hidden smart.

Have you not seen the rose new blown,
All in a summer's day,
Expand her beauties to the sun,
And welcome ev'ry ray?

And

And when at eve her lover goes
To gild some happier mead,
Have you not seen the widow'd rose
Recline her dewy head?

Such Chloe once, ~~such~~ Chloe now;
Ah! Chloe cease to weep!
Damon, for you her sorrows flow;
Pale hangs her trembling lip.

And now full heavy hangs her head,
How chang'd, ah! well-a-day!
Now every sprightly charm is fled,
For Damon's gone away.

How penfive thro' the lonely vale,
She takes her silent way,
To breathe the fragrance of the gale,
And hear the vernal lay.

But ah! too wretched and forlorn,
She heedless moves along;
Unfelt the breeze that scents the morn,
Unheard the vernal song.

Her speech is sad, and sad her brow,
Her sinking spirits fail;
On her wan cheek no roses blow,
Her lips wax wond'rous pale.

High heaves her heart with many a figh,
 Fast falls the frequent tear:
 Low bent to earth her streaming eye,
 For Damon was not there.

With feeble voice her plaintive song
 She strives in vain to raise,
 Her lyre upon a willow hung,
 That murmurs to the breeze.

And thrice her bosom heav'd a figh,
 And thrice she dropt a tear,
 And thrice she rais'd a mournful cry,
 For Damon was not there.

XXXIX.

LORD GEORGE AND LADY DOROTHY.

In imitation of William and Margaret. By a lady of
 quality.

—————“ Foul deeds will rise,
 “ Tho’ all the earth o’erwhelm them from mens eyes.”

HAMLET.

Although

Although the principal circumstances in this ballad are said to have had a foundation in fact; yet we are totally unable to point out the parties who are alluded to in it, or even the time in which it was written. In this uncertainty we cannot but suspect the whole to be a mere fiction, and for the credit of human nature, as much a work of imagination as the ballad which it professes to be an imitation of.

WHEN all was wrapt in sable night,
And nature sought repose,
Forth from its grave the restless spright
Of Dorothy arose.

Her face was all beset with woe,
Her cheeks were wan with care,
Her eyes were parch'd and sunk with grief,
That once so radiant were.

With solemn pace and awful gloom,
And train with sorrow hung,
She wander'd to that fatal room
From whence her sorrows sprung.

And thrice she gave a piteous groan,
And all unfurl'd her shroud,
And thrice she sadly shook her head,
And thus bespoke aloud:

Q 4

Oh,

Oh George, thou author of this scene,
 Thy downy dreams forsake;
 'Tis injur'd Dorothy that calls,
 Injurious George awake.

Awake and hear that breathless voice,
 Which thy upbraidings brought,
 Awake and see that dreadful shade,
 Which thy ill treatment wrought.

Behold this babe, this embryo babe,
 That scarce has learn'd to live;
 Say, monster, why did you destroy
 That life you sought to give?

* The means were horrid as thy soul,
 The will was work divine;
 That nought from me might ever grieve,
 To be a work of thine.

See what a havock thou hast made,
 Vile pillager of time,
 To blast the fruits that nature gave,
 Before their summer prime.

* By being frequently hurried about in a coach, and as often over-walked, she miscarried, when five months gone with child, and died the next day.

How

How cou'd you, (none but you could do)
Cut off my morn so soon,
And let my lasting night come on
Before its perfect noon?

How could you vow a lover's heart,
And yet that vow forsake?
How could you win a virgin's heart,
Yet cause that heart to break?

How could you to the prying world
Profess such show of joy,
Yet by your cruel deeds to me
These gilded words destroy?

How have I strove in others' eyes
To be all chearful seen,
When by your wounding words my heart
Was bleeding all within?

How have I on my bended knees
Implored your will to know?
What have I not, to please that will,
Resolved to undergo?

Why left I all that held one dear,
(O dire decrees of fate!)
Why gave I pure untainted love
For undeserved hate?

When

When you was absent from my sight
How restless have I been !
When you appear'd what joys I felt,
Yet none in you were seen !

Wherein had nature wrought amiss,
Or what had art defil'd ?
Nor time had any furrows made,
Or any feature spoil'd.

My face as other faces fair,
And I as others kind ;
Nor faulty more my eyes than yours,
The fault was in thy mind.

There grew the beam that overcast
The gifts which I possess ;
There lodg'd those savage poison'd shafts,
That pierc'd my bleeding breast.

Why did you, base dissembling man,
Such treacherous ills impart ?
To me——you only gave your hand,
To others——gave your heart.

Why was I, wretched, singled out,
To screen your deathless shame ?
Why was a false-one deem'd as wife,
While I but bore the name ?

With

With her you spent those pleasing hours,
That did to me belong,
She in your eyes did all things right,
While I did all things wrong.

Why for these sufferings was I born,
Perfidious! tell me why,
Ere I beheld thy faithless face,
Why suffered not to die?

Nor laws nor human nor divine,
Could stop thy brutal will;
Think on thy absent brother's wife,
Thy brother's widow still.

Still thou enjoy'st that guilty dame,
In rank incestuous bed;
Think where will lodge thy guilty soul,
When from thy body fled.

Think on the deadly deeds you've done,
Think on the fatal change;
Thy crimes rise higher in account
That justice can avenge.

May spectres stare thee in the face,
May horrors guard thee round!
May conscience on thy footsteps tread,
And all thy thoughts confound.

May

May Egypt's plagues disturb thy rest,
 And every loath'd disease ;
 Till thou hast all my wrongs redrest,
 May all these plagues increase.

And may the partners of thy joys
 Be partners of thy pain,
 Till they have all my sorrows felt,
 May pleasures be their bane.

And soft the glow-worm calls me hence,
 And ere it call on thee ;
 Atone for every black offence
 Farewel—remember me.

XL.

E D W I N A N D E M M A.

By Mr. Mallet.

On the publication of this ballad, in the year 1760, Mr. Mallet subjoined an attestation of the truth of the facts related in it, which we shall give the reader literally :

Extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes in Yorkshire, on the subject of the proceeding poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite at Marrick.

“ *Worthy sir,*

“ *As to the affair mentioned in yours ; it happened long*
 “ *before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my*
 “ *clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood for the truth*
 “ *of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows :*

“ *The family-name of the young man was Wrightson ; of*
 “ *the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the*
 “ *same age ; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth*
 “ *was no disparity : but in fortune, alas ! she was his in-*
 “ *ferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his*
 “ *toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required*
 “ *that his son should marry suitably. But, as amor vincit*
 “ *omnia, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young*
 “ *crea-*

“ creature already named. Their courtship, which was all
 “ by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a
 “ year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife,
 “ and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at
 “ the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt : for
 “ they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, that blood
 “ was nothing without groats.

“ The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about
 “ Shrove-tuesday, and died the sunday sevennight after.

“ On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mis-
 “ tress : she was civilly received by the mother, who bid
 “ her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter
 “ Hannah lay at his back to cut them off from all op-
 “ portunity of exchanging their thoughts.

“ At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for
 “ his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was
 “ burst, and expired some moments after.

“ The then curate of * Bowes inserted it in his register,
 “ that they both died of love, and were buried in the same
 “ grave, March 15, 1714. I am,

“ Dear sir,

“ Yours, &c.”

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where in former ages the
 earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast
 and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stane-
 more ; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and
 solitary throughout. Camb. Brit.

There

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art ;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught ;
Was quickly too reveal'd :
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod.
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd :
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove :
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight-shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast :
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed ;
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past ! he cry'd—but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold,
 What they must ever love !

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear :
 Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
 So morning-dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care
 A cruel sister she !
 Forbade what Emma came to say ;
 My Edwin live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad-sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering figh'd, and died.

XLI.

T H E H E R M I T.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper chears the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and flow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread
Seem length'ning as I go.

Forbear, my son, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dang'rous gloom,
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will:

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing, and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring:
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The wicket op'ning with a latch
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And chear'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily prest, and smil'd,
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With ans'ring care oppress'd :
 And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
 The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex, he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms,
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn, she cry'd,
 Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds Despair
 Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he;
 And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
 He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms
 Unnumber'd suitors came;
 Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove;
 Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 But never talk'd of love.

In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had;
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart
I triumph'd in his pain;

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn—
In secret, where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay,
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay—

And

And there forlorn, despairing hid,
 I'll lay me down and die;
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I.

Forbid it, heaven! the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast;
 The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide;
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign;
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life—my all that's mine.

No, never, from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true;
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 Shall break thy Edwin's too.

XLII.

M A T I L D A.

By Mr. Ferningham.

OUtrageous did the loud wind blow,
 Across the founding main!
 The vessel tossing to and fro,
 Cou'd scarce the storm sustain.

Matilda to her fearful breast
 Held close her infant dear;
 His presence all her fears encreas'd,
 And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful shore,
 The shatter'd vessel drew:
 The daring waves now cease to roar,
 Now shout th' exulting crew.

Matilda with a mother's joy
 Gave thanks to heaven's pow'r:
 How fervent she embrac'd her boy!
 How blest the saving hour!

Oh much deceiv'd and hapless fair!

Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,
Thou from that fatal moment ne'er
Did'st taste of pleasure more,

For stepping forth from off the deck,
To reach the welcome ground;
The babe unclasping from her neck,
Plung'd in the gulph profound,

Amazement-chain'd! her haggard eye
Gave not a tear to flow;
Her bosom heav'd no conscious sigh,
She stood a sculptur'd woe.

To snatch the child from instant death,
Some brav'd the threat'ning main;
And to recal his fleeting breath,
Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corse first met her view,
Stretch'd on the pebbly strand:
Awak'ning from her trance she flew,
And pierc'd th' opposing band:

With tresses discompos'd and rude,
Fell prostrate on the ground;
To th' infant's lips her lips she glued,
And sorrow burst its bound.

Uprising now with frantic air,
To the wide-circling crowd,
Who, pity-struck, partook her care,
She thus discours'd aloud :

Heard ye the helpless infant weep !
Saw ye the mother bold !
How as she flung him in the deep,
The billows o'er him roll'd.

May beak'd remorse her bosom tear,
Despair her mind up-plough !
Its angry arm let justice rear,
To dash her impious brow.

But soft, awhile—see there he lies,
Embalm'd in infant sleep :
Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,
What cause is here to weep !

Yes, yes ! his little life is fled,
His heaveless breast is cold ;
What tears will not thy mother shed,
When thy sad tale is told !

Ah me ! that cheek of livid hue,
If much I do not err !
Those lips were late the roses blue,
All, all, my son declare.

Strange

Strange horrors chill my ev'ry vein,
A voice confus'd and wild,
Whispers to this distracted brain,
Matilda flew her child.

She added not—but sunk oppress'd—
Death on her eye-lids stole :
While from her much-afflicted breast
She sigh'd her troubled soul.

XLIII.

A L I S I A.

By the same.

TO yon dark grove Alisia flew,
Just at th' appointed hour,
To meet the youth whose bosom true
Confess'd her beauty's pow'r.

All that fair virtue cou'd bestow,
Or fairer virtue give,
Did on his face unrival'd glow,
And in his bosom live.

But not the charm of beauty's flow'r,
Or virtue's fairer charm,
Could in her father's soul the pow'r
Of avarice disarm.

He

He bade the youth his mansion fly
And scorn'd his ardent vow :
And when the tears flow'd from his eye,
He bade them faster flow.

Alisia with a bleeding mind
Beheld the injur'd youth ;
And vow'd, in holy wedlock join'd,
To crown at length his truth.

As she forsook her native seat,
Farewell, ye fields so fair ;
May blessings still my father meet !
She said—and dropt a tear.

Th' oppression of a parent's hand,
A parent dead to shame,
In her meek breast by virtue fann'd,
Ne'er quench'd the filial flame.

Now safe she reach'd th' appointed ground,
Tho' love was all her guide ;
But absent when the youth she found,
She look'd around and sigh'd.

Each breeze that rustled o'er the tree,
Sooth'd for a space her smart ;
She fondly cried—Oh that is he !
While patted fast her heart.

The

The pleasing images of hope,
Night's terrors now deform;
While on her mind dear sceneries ope,
And raise the mental storm.

On some rude stone she bow'd her head,
All helpless and forlorn;
Now starting from her rugged bed,
She wish'd the ling'ring morn.

With heavy heart I now unfold
What th' absent youth befell;
Who fierce beset by ruffians bold,
Oppress'd with numbers fell:

At length the morn disclos'd its ray,
And calm'd Alisia's fear;
She restless took her various way,
Distracted, here and there.

Thus as she wander'd, wretched maid,
To mis'ry doom'd! she found
A naked corse along the shade,
And gash'd with many a wound.

Struck to the soul at this dread scene,
All motionless she stood!
To view the raven, bird obscene!
Drink up the clotting blood.

What

What horrors did her breast invade,
When as she nearer drew?
The features that the raven fed,
Her lover gave to view.

With shrieks she rent th' affrighted air;
To tears had fond recourse;
With frantic hand now tore her hair,
Now sunk upon the corse.

Then throwing round a troubled glance,
With madness' ray inflam'd;
Beheld some travellers advance,
To whom she thus exclaim'd:

Ye base inhuman train, away!
What urg'd you to this deed?
You've turn'd my gentle love to clay,
And bade me sorrow wed.

Hark, hark! the raven flaps her wings—
She drinks his blood again—
Ah! now she feeds on my heart-strings—
Oh Jesu! soothe my pain.

This scene of woe what cou'd create
The travellers admir'd;
While shrinking at the blow of fate,
She with a groan expir'd.

XLIV.

A L L E N A N D E L L A.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream
Where Thames oft' his current delays;
And charms, more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys;

Fair Ella! of all the gay throng
The fairest that Nature had seen,
Now drew every village along,
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,
For short is the triumph, ye fair!
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;
And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain now, behold,
By riches endeavours to prove!
But Ella still cries, What is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes! Allen, together we'll wield
Our sickles in summer's bright day;
Together we'll leave o'er the field,
And smile all our labours away:

In winter! I'll winnow the wheat
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;
That flail will be music as sweet
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft' would he speak of his bliss!
How oft' would he call her his maid!
And Allen would seal with a kiss
Every promise and vow that he said.

But, hark, o'er the grass-level * land,
The village-bells sound on the plain;
False Allen! this morn gave his hand,
And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too soon, heard the tale!
Too soon the sad cause she was told!
That his was a nymph of the vale:
That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,
Which befringes the sweet river's side,
How oft' was she languishing seen!
How oft' would she gaze on the tide!

* The village of Petersham.

By

By the clear river, then, as she fate,
Which reflected herself and the mead;
Awhile, she bewept her sad fate,
And the green turf still pillow'd her head.

There, there! is it Ella, I see?
'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid!
Ah! no, 'tis some Ella, like me,
Some hapless young virgin betray'd!

Like me! she has sorrow'd and wept;
Like me! she has fondly believ'd;
Like me! her true promise she kept,
And, like me too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!
Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!
I come! and we'll gather relief
From bosoms so chaste and so true!

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night,
And wept out the day in despair!
Like you! I have banish'd delight,
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows! so lovely, farewell,
Your velvet, still, Allen shall tread!
All deaf to the sound of that knell
Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd;
Nor Allen her loss shall bemoan!
Soon, soon, shall poor Ella be laid
Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair,
Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate:
As, together, ye draw the free air,
And a thousand dear pleasures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,
Ye dare to affect a fond sigh!
The primrose will shrink her pale head,
And the violet languish and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;
Like the tears which you lend to the stream;
Tears! are lost in that watery plain;
And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce! echo had gather'd the sound,
But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed:
The liquid stream parts to the ground,
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,
Oft' meet at the dark-spreading yew;
There wonder how man could deceive
A bosom so chaste and so true.

With

With garlands, of every flower,
 (Which Ella herself should have made)
 They raise up a short-living bower;
 And, sighing! cry, Peace to her shade.

Then! hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
 The green-plotting hillock around:
 They talk of poor Ella, and love;
 And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, with they had never been born,
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view!
 When her Allen could thus be forsworn,
 And his Ella could still be so true.

XLV.

COLIN AND NANCY.

By T. P. Esq.

FOR daring feats of rustic sport,
 And carolling his am'rous strains,
 In Aram's vale was Colin fam'd
 The blytheft shepherd of the plains.

Full oft' has Lune restrain'd his rage,
 And slowly roll'd his flood along,
 As list'ning to the tuneful swain,
 To catch the cadence of his song.

Ah ruthless stream of semblance false!
 Thy waters murmur'd to betray.
 Hyenas thus, by nature fell,
 Seem plaintive to allure their prey.

What time the flocks were safely penn'd,
 And mild the day's last lustre grew,
 To join the playful village youth,
 Across the plain young Colin flew.

Thrice

Thrice from a wych-elm's wither'd bough
A raven gave a boding croak ;
And thrice, in answer, screech'd an owl,
From the deep hollow of an oak.

Yet all in vain ! the ill-omen'd youth
On the cliff's summit naked stood,
The swains attention proudly claim'd,
Then headlong plung'd into the flood.

Weep every naiad of the stream !
Dash'd on a rock, he groaning dy'd,
And with a luckless lover's blood
Polluted is your silver tide !

Soon as the village heard the tale,
Fast to the river's side they fled—
Alas ! alas the day ! they cry'd,
And many a piteous tear they shed.

But Nancy, Doran's daughter fair,
Her bloom the blush of morn outvies ;
Her song excels the linnet's lay,
Like dew-drops glist'ning are her eyes.

When her pale lover she beheld !—
Herself as pale !—in deep despair
And silent woe, her hands she wrung,
And wildly rent her lovely hair.

And must we thus—(she, frantic, said)
 Thus must we solemnize our vows!—
 Yet shall not death my hopes bereave,
 For, ev'n in death, I thine espouse!

Then on his clay-cold corse she fell,
 And clasp'd it to her breaking heart,
 And dying, sigh'd, I now am thine,
 My Colin! never more to part!

Like two young roses on a stem,
 Lopt by the pruner's hook away,
 Ere half their lustre was disclos'd,
 In with'ring bloom the lovers lay.

One grave receiv'd them; where is found
 The primrose and the vi'let pale:
 And long their hapless fate was wept
 By ev'ry eye in Aram's vale.

XLVI.

WILLIAM AND FANNY.

By J. Robertson.

BRIGHT was the morn, the landscape gay,
Onward young William rode;
Joyful the village to behold,
His Fanny's loved abode.

Unlike his former self he came,
In sure disguise array'd;
With unlook'd joy hoping to blefs
His dear, his constant maid.

In warblings sweet from every spray,
The feather'd choir combine;
While Love and Hope in William's breast,
The happy concert join.

No magpye, no harsh raven's note,
Sinister boding found,
But thro' the air, Music and Love,
Blest omens! float around.

The village opening to his view,
His fluttering pulse beat high,
Whilst tears, from Joy's rich fountain drawn,
Beam'd sparkling in his eye.

Soon shall these eyes again, thank heaven,
Her angel-form behold ;
Soon shall these wishing arms again,
My lovely maid infold.

He said ; when lo, in fable guise,
From forth the church-yard way,
A silent train with down-cast eyes,
Death's banners wide display.

The slow-tongu'd bell, with solemn toll,
A sad adieu exprest ;
On ev'ry face a genuine grief,
Full deeply was imprest.

Fierce as the eagle William dar'd,
When Pride its crest uprear'd ;
Yet melting William as the dove,
Whene'er Distress appear'd.

To what kind soul are these sad rites,
With mournful rev'rence paid ?
A grey-hair'd peasant rais'd his eyes,
And, sighing, thus he said :

If

If e'er you've known Love's wond'rous pow'r,
The pitying tear prepare,
Yon grave contains the sweetest flow'r,
E'er nipt by cold Despair.

Not sportive lambkin on the down
More lively was than she;
Not lambkin ever cropt the green,
From guileful thoughts more free.

Not apple-blossoms in the spring,
Cou'd with her beauties vie;
More graceful than the doe her shape;
Sense sparkled in her eye.

Soft tho' her bosom, yet untouch'd
By Love's all-pow'rful flame,
Till a young swain, of peerless worth,
From yon blue uplands came.

The pride of swains sweet William was,
Thus shepherds all agree;
A youth so manly, gentle, brave,
I ne'er again shall see.

Each nymph beheld him with delight,
Each swain with envious eyes;
Ev'n Envy's self might stand excus'd,
When Fanny was the prize.

Conduct

†

They

They saw, they lov'd; so sweet a pair
 Ne'er grac'd our wond'ring plain,
 He seem'd by heav'n for her design'd;
 She for her upland swain.

Their parents, friends, with glad accord
 Did on their passion smile;
 But Fate with Cruelty high-rais'd
 Their hopes—but to beguile.

Ah, what is happiness?—A fly
 With tinsel'd wings so gay:
 Sure of the prize, we stretch our hands,
 'Tis gone; 'tis lost for aye.

Heading the needy highland clans,
 Onward, in threat'ning mood,
 Giant Rebellion came—to drench
 Our peaceful fields in blood.

To save their country, Freedom's sons
 With gen'rous ardour flew;
 Never again, oh, may these eyes
 Such scenes of horror view.

Young William's lord, to whom both love
 And gratitude were bound,
 With William, foremost in his train,
 In Freedom's ranks were found.

Conquest with laurels William crowns,
His worth ev'n foes approve ;
But, ah !—tho' Conquest crowns his arms,
Despair awaits his love.

A 'squire, for large possessions fam'd,
Saw Fanny and ador'd ;
For charms like her's might captivate
The heart——ev'n of a lord.

He saw, and vows of ardent love,
Impatiently he prest ;
Poor Fanny had no heart to give,
'Twas lodg'd in William's breast.

But cursed av'rice, age's bane,
Had froze her father's mind ;
She wept, she pray'd ; nor pray'rs nor tears
Alas ! cou'd pity find.

To feeling deaf, by riches lur'd,
He laid his strict command ;
He dragg'd her to the church ; he forc'd
Her cold, her heartless hand.

Wealth ! what is wealth of peace depriv'd ?
A glittering pois'nous toy ;
The nightshade's jetty shining fruit
Allures, but to destroy.

Scarce seven days gone, since Fanny wore
The hated marriage-chain;
And but yestreen a broken heart,
Freed Fanny from her pain.

But, Stranger, sure those looks of your's,
Unusual feelings speak;
The bridle quits your trembling hands,
The blood forsakes your cheek.

Down dropt poor William like a corse,
Upon the green-swaired laid;
By pitying peasants known, he's straight
To friendly roof convey'd,

Reviv'd, heart-rending sighs and groans,
A fix'd despair confess;
But Madness, sad relief!—arrives
To lighten his distress.

When midnight came, from bed escap'd,
To Fanny's grave he flew;
There stretch'd, he Fanny call'd—and soon
To mis'ry bade adieu.

Cold as the lovely fair within,
Next morn was William found;
Weeping, the village saw 'em laid
In the same hallow'd ground.

There

There nymphs and shepherds often meet,
To plight their vows so true;
And from a sympathy of soul,
Their grave with tears bedew.

XLVII.

AMINTOR AND ANNA.

By the same.

CURST with a conscious feeling mind,
The poor Amintor lay,
Within a cheerless jail confin'd,
And sigh'd his hours away.

To save a friend of means bereft,
Amintor enter'd bail;
Friends oft' prove false; Amintor's left
To languish in a jail.

Where are those friends, Amintor, where
Your summer-days could boast?
Like insects now they disappear,
Kill'd by a wint'ry frost.

No friend, save one, now anxious came,
To heal Misfortune's wound:
That friend, true to his peace and fame,
Was in his Anna found.

Hymen and Cupid wove the chain,
That link'd her to his heart;
With her he half forgot his pain,
Nor felt Affliction's dart.

Tho' all the charms that Beauty knows,
Were in her form exprest,
Yet faint her outward charms to those
That lodg'd within her breast.

Her words, sweet as when peace is giv'n
To a departing soul,
Or angel-accents sent from heav'n,
Into his bosom stole.

Cease, cease these unavailing sighs,
Let hope your brow unbend;
Goodness supreme our patience tries,
It strikes but to amend.

Affliction's cloud once overblown,
Joy, doubly joy appears;
The morn o'ercast, the noon-tide sun
A stronger brightness wears.

Virtue essay'd still mounts the higher,
And nobler worth assumes;
As gold, when dross-rid by the fire,
More pure and bright becomes.

While

While innocence and goodness reign
In my Amintor's breast,
Our fate with courage we'll sustain,
And leave to heav'n the rest.

Chearful with him, she still appears
The messenger of Hope;
When from him, to her smother'd tears,
She gives a boundless scope.

The rose, that erst with blooming grace
Had with the lily shone,
By grief was wither'd—in her face
The lily reign'd alone.

Their loves one darling babe had crown'd,
His parents best delight;
The only comfort Anna found
Each lonely widow'd night.

Like Magdalen, all radiant grace,
The smiler at her breast
She oft with bended eye would trace
Amintor's self imprest;

Then! eager clasp, and gaze and weep,
And pour the honey'd kifs,
Whilst sad remembrance pierc'd full deep,
With scenes of bury'd blifs.

Soon as the lark salutes the day,
 Each morning Anna flies,
 To chase corroding spleen away,
 And bless Amintor's eyes.

A long, long day—No Anna's seen;—
 Her absence causes dread;
 When silent, grief cuts far more keen—
 She presses a sick bed.

The tidings brought, he raving cries,
 Oh wretch accurst!—For thee,
 For thee the faithful Anna dies,
 Her fated end I see.

'Tis thy accursed hand that throws
 The deadly murd'rous dart;
 'Tis thou art author of her woes;
 Thou, thou hast broke her heart.

No more, Amintor, now complain,
 Thy Anna's amply blest;
 Of Fortune and her glitt'ring train,
 To utmost wish possést:

A kinsman carle, whose griping hand,
 When living was unkind,
 Dying, bequeath'd her all his land,
 Sore griev'd 'twas left behind.

From her forsaken couch she springs,
And low, enraptur'd bends,
Whilst on rejoicing angels wings,
Her gratitude ascends.

Thanks, thanks, all-gracious heav'n!—Oh, grant,
This flood of joy I bear;
Thy mercy sends me all I want,
Henceforth I'll not despair.

Is Anna then ordain'd to give
Amintor liberty?
For his lov'd sake I wish to live,
For him well pleas'd wou'd die.

To Providence the grateful tear
Bursts from her up-rais'd eyes;
Nor hecatombs to heav'n appear
Such pleasing sacrifice.

How faint the richest diamonds show!
How languid all their fires!
To those in Beauty's eyes which glow,
When virtuous joy inspires!

With transport wild, she eager flew
To make Amintor blest:
She saw Amintor—thrilling view!
In shrouded garment drest.

Frantic that morn he rav'd, I ne'er
Shall Anna see again ;
He falls a prey to black despair ;
His heart-strings burst in twain.

The weakness which from virtue grows,
Can justice faulty deem ?
Such weakness virtue only knows,
When virtue's in extreme.

Let callous bosoms moralize,
And frigid rules lay down,
They feel not who are over-wise,
Or dart the Stoic frown.

Like Niobe a-while she stands,
Then sinks upon the floor,
She lifts her eyes, she wrings her hands,
And never rises more.

One such example here below,
(In heav'n let virtue trust)
Does an Hereafter plainly show ;
God cannot be unjust.

XLVIII.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

By the same.

FROM forth the church, all-blithsome, gay,
The youthful Damon came,
Handing his bride in trim array,
A fair and wealthy dame;
Whilst poor forsaken Sylvia stood,
Her lily'd cheek devoid of blood.

Oh, Damon, Damon, perjur'd youth,
But for a moment stay,
Are all your vows and boasted truth
Like gosmore blown away?
Give, give me back my heart again;
You cannot—for 'tis broke in twain.

Did not you swear for me alone
Each vow to heav'n did rise?
Did you not swear a monarch's throne
Without me you'd despise?
I, witlefs, thought you true as dove,
And by my own weigh'd Damon's love.

But wealth, that bane of constancy,
Lur'd Damon's heart away,
On swallow-wings false riches fly—
True love can ne'er decay :
Had I the world to give—you know,
That world on Damon I'd bestow.

Was there a pain touch'd Damon's breast,
But Sylvia doubly knew ?

Was there a joy to make me blest,
But took its rise from you ?

Was there a wish—(Why heaves this sigh ?)—
Of Damon's that I cou'd deny ?

Behold the face you once so prais'd,
With grief how pale, how wan !

Those eyes, on which you so have gaz'd,
How dim, how woe-begone !

Cou'd you my inmost bosom bare,
You'd Damon see—and black despair.

But hold—I came not to upbraid,
I hither came to die ;

Beneath the turf when Sylvia's laid,
Give but one tender sigh ;

'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I want,

Happy if this small boon you grant.

She said ; and straight a dagger aim'd,
 It quaff'd her bosom's gore ;
 That bosom which, with love inflam'd,
 Despair had pierc'd before ;
 Inconstant Damon felt the blow,
 And all his future days were woe.

XLIX.

THE MAID OF AGHAVORE.

By the Rev. Mr. Ball.

With the last unsuccessful action, near Rathmines, perished the hopes of Charles in Ireland. This event was shortly followed by the arrival of Cromwell, during whose lieutenancy the tragical event, recorded in the following ballad, is supposed to have happened.

ONCE I was a lively lad,
 As the springing season glad
 Ere beheld in its domain,
 Or fair Summer in her train,
 Or rich Autumn in his year ;
 Sing I could, as Mavis clear ;
 Ere, alas, the grief to tell !
 Into chains of love I fell,
 But now silent I must be :
 Pity me, swains, pity me !
 Pity me, since she's no more,
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore !

Then I knew not this world's state,
Nor regarded turns of fate,
How rebellious Erin rose,
Treating Albion's sons as foes ;
Or how sons of Albion led
O'er the plains dismay and dread,
Bidding terror to prevail
All around the English pale ;
But now silent I must be :
Pity me, swains, pity me !
Pity me, since she's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore !

Ere to power dark Cromwell grew,
Only peaceful days I knew ;
Then it was my constant care
Ev'ry rural toil to share ;
To the pow'rs that guard the plough
Then alone I paid my vow ;
Love as then I had not prov'd,
Or the rapture to be lov'd,
But now silent I must be :
Pity me, swains, pity me !
Pity me, since she's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore !

O what

O what changes shepherds feel!
 I was doom'd to carry steel,
 O what troubles had I mist,
 Among rebels, royalist,
 If I could my peace have priz'd,
 And, as others, temporiz'd!
 But as yet no pains I try'd;
 Yet I had not seen a bride;
 Now all silent I must be:
 Pity me, swains, pity me!
 Pity me, since she's no more,
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

To our valley soon there came,
 As it chanc'd, a beauteous dame,
 Looks she had, that far outvy'd
 All our fragrant valley's pride:
 Then, so gentle was her soul,
 As if hearts she ne'er had stole!
 Sprung from a Cromwellian chief—
 But let Sorrow's song be brief!
 Now all silent I should be:
 Pity me, swains, pity me!
 Pity me, since she's no more,
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

O how

O how happy had I been,
 Had I such a bride ne'er seen!
 All so beauteous, as I ne'er
 Can find matter to compare!
 Curls she had, out-shining jet!
 In her eyes the sun was set!
 For her shape, it was a pine,
 Wreath'd with fragrant eglantine!
 But now silent I must be:
 Pity me, swains, pity me!
 Pity me, since she's no more,
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

When I saw the fair, I burn'd,
 She my passion soon return'd.
 But when he, her father proud,
 Heard her faith to aliens vow'd,
 Rising in his anger fierce,
 Soon he did her bosom pierce
 With that rude unrighteous sword
 Wherewith loyal breasts he gor'd.
 Now all mournful I must be:
 Pity me, swains, pity me!
 Pity me, since she's no more,
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Woods, that wave on mountain-tops,
O'er whose moss the titmouse hops,
Tell my tale to rustling gales !
Fountains, weep it through the vales !
And, with her own sorrow faint,
Let sad Echo join my plaint !
Since I've lost the brightest fair
E'er that breath'd our valley's air,
Now all mournful I must be :
Pity me, swains, pity me !
Pity me, since she's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore !

L.

THE DIRGE OF OFFA.

By the same.

This ballad is supposed to be written by Mordrid, chief of the bards in the reign of Edwy, king of Northumberland, whose son Offa was slain in the battle of Hatfield Wood, A. D. 633. It concludes with the words of the bard.

SEE my son, my Offa dies !
 He who could chase his father's foes !
 Where shall the king now close his eyes ?
 Where—but in the tomb of woes.

'Tis there, thy stony couch is laid !
 And there the wearied king may rest—
 But will not Penda's threats invade
 The quiet of the monarch's breast ?

No—my son shall quell his rage—
 What have I said ?—ah me, undone !
 Ne'er shall the parent's snowy age
 Recall the tender name of son !

O would

O would that I for thee had dy'd!
 Nor liv'd to wail thy piteous case!
 Who dar'd defy those looks of pride,
 That mark the chiefs of Wyba's race!

But, O my son, I little knew
 What pow'r was in that arm of might!
 That weeds of such a baleful hue
 The laurel's beauteous wreath should blight!

Yes, my son, the shaft that thee
 Transfix'd, hath drawn thy father's fate!
 O how will Hengist weep to see
 The woes that on his line await!

To see my Offa's latest pangs,
 As wild in death, he bites the shore!
 A savage wolf, with bloody fangs,
 The lamb's unspotted bosom tore!

Who never knew to give offence,
 But to revenge his father's wrong!—
 Some abler arm convey him hence,
 And bear a father's love along!

Alas! this tongue is all too weak
 The last sad duties to perform!
 These feeble arms their task forsake!
 Else should they rise in wrathful storm

Against

Against the ruthless rebel's head
Who dar'd such laurels to destroy ;
To bid each virtue's hope lie dead !
And crush a parent's only joy !

Inter him by yon ivy'd tow'r,
And raise the note of deepest dole !
Ne'er should a friend, in deathful hour,
Forget the chief of gen'rous soul :

And o'er the grave erect a stone,
His worth, and lineage high to tell :
And, by the faithful cross be shown
That in the faith of Christ he fell !

Hail ! valiant chiefs of Hatfield Wood !
Ne'er may your blooming honours cease !
That with unequal strength withstood
Th' invader of your country's peace.

Now, round this head let darkness fall !
Descend, ye shafts of thund'rous hail !
Ne'er shall be said, in Edwy's hall
That troubled ghost was heard to wail !

Then, with his feeble arm, the fire
Into the thickest battle flies,
To die, was all the chief's desire ;
Oppress'd with wounds and grief, he dies.

And

And let the future soul of rhyme,
If chance he cons of Edwy's praise,
As high his quiv'ring fingers climb,
Record, that Mordrid pour'd the lays!

LE.

By the same.

KIND ADVICE TO THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

HAPPY swain, would'st thou be free
From the cares that follow me,
Shun the muses' witching train;
Scorn thy pipe, and leave the plain.

For the pipe brings no relief;
And the plain but echoes grief;
And the muses' tuneful skills
Cannot charm thy life from ills!

Mark ye, where yon waters flow?
There pines a bard, o'ercome with woe,
As to the sad water's fall
He sings Timæus' funeral!

'Twas

'Twas of me he learn'd the art,
 But ah—the quill hath pierc'd his heart!
 And hapless they, who fondly try
 To sing of woe as well as I!

Now of the Stygian gulph he raves,
 Now pores in Ætna's sulph'rous caves,
 'Till frantic Fancy rests her head
 In the burning torrent's bed!

Shepherd, ere it be too late,
 Would'st thou shun his wayward fate,
 Then leave the melancholy plain,
 So shalt thou live an happy swain.

Of, beneath the twilight trees,
 Lurks a sadly fullen breeze!
 And Pan to shapes of luckless pow'r
 Oft' delegates the lonely hour,

Where the oak his gnarled root
 Doth across the pathway shoot,
 Or with Linden's glossy Rine
 Laurer-tresses intertwine;

While himself, to jocund dance
 Bids the dryad-train advance,
 Nor breaks off the frolic sound,
 'Till the tell-tale sun comes round.

Let the breast that cares oppresses
Dwell with solitariness :
Nor change the muses's desert springs,
For the joys that wait on kings.

Tho' by Aganippe's streams
Ancient bards had golden dreams,
Deem not blissful life was theirs—
Golden grain is choak'd with tares.

Tremblingly alive all o'er,
Much to feel is to deplore,
And the soul of senses strong
Gives but sorrows to the song.

Think'st thou Care shall ne'er invade,
With venom shaft, thy secret shade ?
In form of Love, he softly steals,
And unsuspecting hearts assails.

Or, if his way a distant friend
Should to thy lonely threshold bend,
Like my Timæus he may be,
In death, an endless woe to thee !

Or if thy Fates do not design
That he should die, and thou should'st pine,
As I with Lycon, both may prove
Absence is death to those that love !

But it is not so in courts—
There Cupid with light dalliance sports ;
And Venus in a kind disguise
Looks milder thro' Aspasia's eyes.

If a lov'd friend should die, 'tis there
Thou may'st with ease the loss repair :
And tho' one nymph should faithless prove,
Another will requite thy love.

Then, haste thee to the haunts of men ;
Nor let the little careless wren,
As thro' the nut-tree shade he hops,
Seduce thee to the silent copse.

And, in some much-frequented room,
May'st thou find a tranquil tomb ;
While thy unprison'd senses fly
To the sphere of harmony !

And, let the gentle slumber steal,
The shepherd's closing eye to seal,
And bring that future life of bliss
For which the virtuous pant in this !

Sweet luxury of souls refin'd,
How would it suit the vulgar mind ?
Let vulgar minds at distance keep !
Nor fright away the shepherd's sleep !

LII.

THE DRINKING-MATCH AT EDEN-HALL.

In Imitation of the famous ballad of Chevy Chace.

By Philip duke of Wharton.

(See Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, Vol. II.
page 130. edit. 1759.)

GOD prosper long from being broke
The * Luck of Eden-hall;
A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and can,
Duke Philip took his way,
Babes yet unborn shall never see
The like of such a day.

The stout and ever-thirsty duke
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure within Cumberland
Three live-long nights to take.

* A pint bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.

Sir Musgrave too, of Martindale,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six in a hand went round;
And with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall resound.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd
The earl of Harold's ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus slighted by my peers?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick;
And, master sheriff, come you too,
We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth earl Harold come;
(Did one at table say);
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled duke,
How will he get away?

When thus the earl began: Great duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me, sure this
You did not learn in France.

One of us two for this offence,
Under the board shall lie;
I know thee well, a duke thou art,
So some years hence shall I.

But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide.
Accurs'd be he, duke Wharton said,
By whom it is deny'd.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round,
And many gallant gentlemen
Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the duke espy'd
He had the earl secure,
He ply'd him with a full pint-glass,
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downwards sunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton fees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, duke Philip held
The sick man by the joint,
And said, Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,
Would I had drank this pint.

Alack! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me sink;
For surely a more sober earl
Did never swallow drink.

With that the sheriff, in a rage,
To see the earl so smit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer
Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-hall,
Fast by the river Swale;

Who said he would not have it told
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by;
So, sheriff, I'm your man.

Now when these tidings reach'd the room,
Where the duke lay in bed,
How that the 'squire suddenly
Upon the floor was laid:

O heavy

O heavy tidings! (quoth the duke)
Cumberland witnesses be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to earl Thanet came,
Within as short a space,
How that the under-sheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

Now God be with him (said the earl)
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my town,
As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield;
But with a bumper in his hand,
He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the slain
Were quickly carried off to sleep—
Their senses to regain.

God blefs the king, the duchefs fat,
And keep the land in peace,
And grant that drunkenness henceforth
'Mong noblemen may cease.

And likewise blefs our royal prince,
 The nation's other hope,
 And give us grace for to defy
 The Devil and the Pope.

LIII.

The DOWY DEN.

*A lady hearing her lover had fallen in single combat with
 his rival, calls to her attendant boy.*

O See you not yon bonny steed,
 That eats beneath the tree?

O tarry not, my little boy,
 But bring him fast to me.

The boy ran nimbly to the place,
 Where fed the milk-white steed,
 And brought him to the lady fair,
 Who mounted him with speed.

The whip she ply'd—the courser flew,
 The dust in clouds did rise,
 And soon she spy'd the *Dowy Den
 Where her true lover lies.

* Dowy signifies dismal.

But

But now the panting steed she stop'd,
And on the ground she sprung,
Then hied her to the fatal place,
With trees and bushes hung.

A dreary place, I ween, it was,
And mournful to behold;
Above—the winds did doleful blow,
Below—dark waters roll'd.

All cold and pale the youth was laid
Fast by the rueful flood;
A breathless corse outstretch'd he lay,
And all besmear'd with blood.

O sight of woe! she cry'd, and ran
To where her lover lay,
Then, like an aspin, quiv'ring stood,
And gaz'd on the cold clay.

That breast where oft thou, love-sick maid!
Hast laid thy languid head,
Doth now present the ghastly wound
Made by the deathful blade.

Those yellow locks, that oft with joy
Thy lily hand hath bound,
Toss'd by the wind, now loosely flow
Neglected on the ground.

How cold and wan at noon that cheek,
Where glow'd at morn the rose!
Those beauteous eyes the sleep of death
Doth now for ever close.

In silent anguish fix'd she stood,
And o'er the body hung,
Then stooping, grasp'd and kiss'd the hand,
And sighing, thus begun:

Nor wealth nor grandeur pow'r could have
My faithful heart to shake;
For thee it beat, O much-lov'd boy!
For thee it now doth break.

Why did thy wrathful rival think
His sword could us disjoin?
Did he not know that love had made
My life but one with thine?

Then haughty baron, know it now,
Nor hope I'll be thy bride;
With this dear youth I joy to die,
Contemn thy pomp and pride.

And thou, my father, come and see
How low thy daughter lies:
From crossing virtuous love, behold
What dire misfortunes rise.

O hap-

O hapless youth!—But ah! no more
Her fault'ring tongue could say;
Then softly sunk upon his breast,
And breath'd her soul away.

LIV.

DUNCAN. A FRAGMENT.

SAW ye the Thane o'meikle pride,
Red anger in his eye?
I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd;
Red anger frights na' me.

For I have stuid whar honour bade,
Tho' Death trod on his heel:
Mean is the crest that stoops to fear;
Nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind
That thro' the ha' did sing?
Hark! hark! agen: a warlike shout
The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na' for nought, bald Duncan cry'd,
Sic shoutings on the wind:
Syne up he started frae his seat,
A thrang o' spears behind.

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
 Anes mare to fallow me;
 We'll meet yon shouters by the burn;
 I guess wha they may be.

But wha is he that speeds sae fast,
 Frae the flaw-marching thrang?
 Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
 The sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap;
 Then not of peace, I trow:
 My master, Duncan, bade me rin,
 And say these words to you.

Restore agen that bluiming rose,
 Your rude hand pluck'd awa';
 Restore again his Mary fair,
 Or you shall rue the fa'.

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,
 And shuik his forward spear:
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a wassel rout
 Of revel, sport, and play;
 Our swords gart fame proclaim us men
 Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The

The rose I pluck'd, of right is mine;
 Our hearts together grew
 Like twa sweet roses on ae sta'k—
 Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped:
 Bald Duncan said, in jeer,
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a wassel rout,
 Of revel, sport, and play;
 Our swords gart fame proclaim us men
 Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluck'd, of right is mine;
 Our hearts together grew
 Like twa sweet roses on ae sta'k—
 Frae hate to love she flew.

He stamp'd his foot upo' the ground,
 And thus in wrath did say:
 God strik my faul if frae this field
 We baith in life shall gae.

He wav'd his hand; the pipes they play'd,
 The targets clatter'd round,
 And now between the meeting faes
 Was little space of ground,

But

But wha is she that rins fae fast?

Her feet nae stap they find;

Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud

Upon the fimmer's wind.

Her face, a mantle screen'd afore,

She show'd of lily hue:

Sae frae the gray mist breaks the fun

To drink the morning-dew.

Alake, my friends! what sight is this?

Oh, stap your rage, she cry'd:

Whar love with honey'd lip should be,

Mak not a breach fae wide.

Can then my uncle draw his sword,

My husband's breast to bleid?

Or can my sweet lord do to him

Sic foul and ruthless deid?

Bethink ye, uncle, of the time

My gray-hair'd father died:

Frae whar your shrill horn shuik the wood,

He sent for you wi' speed:

My brother, gard my bairn, he said;

She has nae father soon:

Regard her, Donald, as your ain:

I'll ask nae ither boon.

Would

Would then my uncle force my love,
Whar love it cou'd na' be,
Or wed me to the man I hate?
Was this his care of me?

Can these brave men, who but of late
Together chas'd the deer,
Against their comrades bend their bows,
In bluidy hunting here?

She spake, while trickling ran the tears
Her blushing cheek alang;
And silence, like a heavy cloud,
O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,
Threescore his years and three;
Yet a' the strength of strongest youth
In sic an eild had he:

Nae pity was there in his breast;
For war alane he lo'd;
His gray een sparkled at the sight
Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What! shall our hearts of steel, he said,
Bend to a woman's fang?
Or can her words our honour quit
For sic dishonest wrang?

For this did a' these warriors come,
To hear an idle tale;
And o'er our death-accustom'd arms
Shall filly tears prevail?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,
They clash'd their steely swords
Like the loud waves of Bara's shore;
There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied:
O uncle! hear my prayer:
Heed na' that man of bluidy look;—
She had nae time for mair;

For in the midst anon there came
A blind, unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,
And strack her to the heart.

A while she stagger'd, fyne she fell,
And Duncan see'd her fa':
Aftound he stood; for in his limbs
'There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,
Stood fix'd within his hand:
His lips, half open, cou'd na' speak:
His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
 With arms in triumph dight,
 Seems to the traveller like a man,

* * * * *

Cætera defunt.

LV.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

YE mountains so dreary and dread,
 To whom I so often repair,
 In pity fall down on my head,
 And snatch me at once from despair.

In mercy, ye skies, to my woes,
 Let your thunders avengingly roll,
 And death kindly hush to repose
 The Ætna that bursts on my soul.

Twelve moons have I scarcely been wed,
 And honour'd with Beverly's name :
 Yet how has the conjugal bed
 Been steep'd in pollution and shame !

To the fondest and worthiest youth,
All spotted and perjur'd I stand ;
And this ring, which once swore to my truth,
Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand.

Perdition quick fall on the hour
That first I saw Clerimont's face,
And fatally gave him a power
To plunge me in endless disgrace.

From Time's swiftly-silvering wing
This instant O let it be torn ;
And pluck from Remembrance a sting,
Too bitter by far to be borne.

Once white as the moon's purest ray,
This bosom could consciously heave,
Despise every thought to betray,
And detest every wish to deceive.

Once crown'd with contentment and rest,
My days held the happiest race ;
And the night saw me equally blest,
In my Beverly's honest embrace :

But now, one continued disguise,
I'm hackney'd in falsehood and art ,
And teach every glance of my eyes
To conceal every wish of my heart.

To meet with poor Beverley's kifs,
What transport appears in my air!
Tho' his breast, once the pillow of blifs,
Swells only with death and despair.

If a look is by accident caught,
I'm fill'd with a thousand alarms
And Clerimont fires every thought,
When I melt e'en in Beverley's arms.

Great Ruler of all things above,
Whom Father of mercies we deem,
Let duty direct me to love
Where reason compels my esteem.

Yet how to thy throne shall I run ;
For pardon, how can I exclaim ;
When every renewal of fun
Beholds a renewal of shame !

Nay, now while the guilt I detest,
My conscience so dreadfully wrings ;
This Clerimont grows on my breast,
And insensibly twists round the strings.

Distraction, this instant repair,
And seize the least atom of brain ;
For nature no longer can bear
This incredible fulness of pain !

Let

Let mercy employ its own time,
 I dare not look upward that way;
 For unless I desist from my crime,
 'Tis blasphemy surely to pray.

S. I N I S.

Evans, Thomas

Old Ballads Historical And Narrative, With Some Of Modern Date ; Now first
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